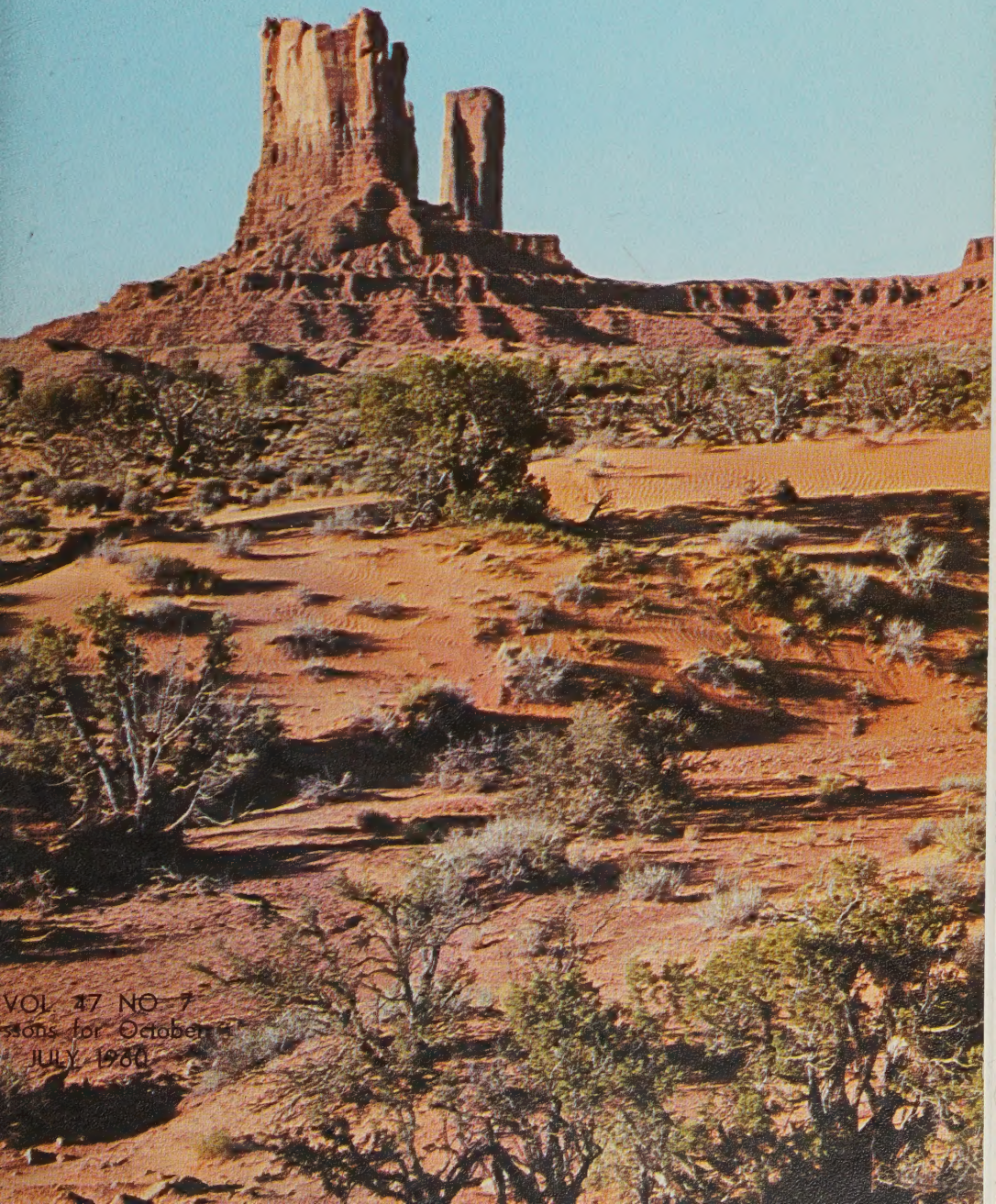
The Relief Society Magazine



VOL 17 NO 7
sions for October
JULY 1930

Song for My Country

Margery S. Stewart

Out of you bursts
The splendor of your giving,
My Land, my Mother,
Fields flowing with bread,
Forests with houses,
Rivers with turning wheels.
You are turbulent with love,
Your hands hold the grapes
Of your kindnesses,
Your earth encircles my spirit.
What child is worthy of you?
Is there a generation great
As you are?
Let me seek them out. . . .
The foster children come
Humbly with the gold
Of their gratitude.
Your sons come secretly
To lay the swords of their
Hearts before you;
Your daughters remember you
Gladly to their children. . . .
We seek to become very strong,
All who love you. . . .
Prayers wing out wider than
All defenses for you
My Land, my Mother,

The Cover: Monument Valley, Utah
From a Color Transparency by Willard Luce

Frontispiece: Bounty on the Land
Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

I want to thank you for all the lovely things I have read in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Some are exceptionally beautiful, and I find a world of pleasure in the *Magazine*. I have been guided by the *Magazine* when troubled, and I bless the day I started to be a subscriber. The covers are so lovely now, and I did so much enjoy "The Fishbite Story" by Dorothy Clapp Robinson (third prize story) in the March issue. For many years I have read the *Magazine* to my friends, to my grandchildren, and to women whom I have been privileged to nurse from time to time.

—Frances R. Stoker
Ogden, Utah

In the May issue, I particularly liked Caroline Eyring Miner's poem "Your Sacred Presence," although I enjoyed all the poetry. "Second Baby," the story by Dorothy S. Romney, was both well written and timely. It is easy to neglect "the next to the baby" with sad results. We can be justly proud of our *Magazine*, and I am sure all Relief Society members are appreciative of the fine way in which it is edited.

—Matia McClelland Burk
St. David, Arizona

What treasures the *Magazine* holds! Only a small book, but there is more wisdom, friendship, and courage between the covers than perchance in six other magazines of different caliber.

—Annie Laurie Shaw
Ipswich, Massachusetts

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. This dear *Magazine*, with its many messages, is always a joy and an inspiration to me. I have received the *Magazine* as a gift for many years from my husband's wonderful mother (Mrs. W. A. Fisher). Many thanks to the dear mother we are privileged to have for ours, and to all those who make *The Relief Society Magazine* possible.

—Mrs. Eugene Fisher
Salt Lake City, Utah

Our May *Magazine* gave me a wonderful thrill today and added another precious ingredient to my testimony. I refer to the article entitled "I, Too, Want to Be Useful," by Aslaug Vaieland, page 318. A few years ago, in Winnipeg, Canada, she and I, both converts to the Church, and both facing much opposition, spent many hours crying, praying, and laughing together. Now, both our lives have had many changes, and all for the better. She is in Murray, Utah, and I am in Phoenix, and we hope to see each other very soon. My most sincere thanks for printing her article.

—Helene Prychun
Phoenix, Arizona

I would like to say how much I have enjoyed visiting this beautiful land of Zion. I have worked in Relief Society for over thirty years and have always been thrilled to have the *Magazine* each month. I could never express the help it has given to me in my work. I love the beautiful new covers. When I gazed at the Relief Society Building in Salt Lake City I just marveled at its structure. I go home tomorrow.

—Rhoda S. Tinson
Stapleford
Nottinghamshire
England
(Letter written from
Alameda, Idaho)

Please renew my subscription. I enjoy our *Magazine*. Besides being small and handy-sized, it has lots of good material in it.

—Mrs. Lucille Turley
Tillamook, Oregon

My sincere congratulations to all concerned with *The Relief Society Magazine*, which I call "a little magnet." Its beautiful cover is so intriguing that one is obliged to peek inside, and, before realizing it, the whole book is read, filling the reader with such renewed hopes and ambitions. It is a regular spiritual rejuvenator.

—Marion Baron
Carnation, Washington

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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History Turns Back Its Pages

THE BEE HIVE HOUSE RESTORED

Part I

Helen Young Spencer Williams
Secretary, Bee Hive House Restoration Committee

THE history of a people is recorded in many ways. Its pages are written in the kinds of homes they built, the buildings, the churches they erected, the monuments raised, and the families they reared and loved, as well as in written and spoken word and deeds.

"One cannot escape history," said Abraham Lincoln at the very time the Mormon pioneers were crossing the country to establish homes and a commonwealth, unmolested and free from persecution in what later became known as Utah Territory in Great Salt Lake Valley.

Now, after one hundred years, schools, churches, theaters, temples, and homes erected in a barren desert are evidence of the culture and determination of a great people. Their true greatness in achievement began with an honest purpose in life, an unswerving belief in the goodness of God, in education in all fields, in progression, and the seeking after all those things which are lovely, praiseworthy, and of good report.

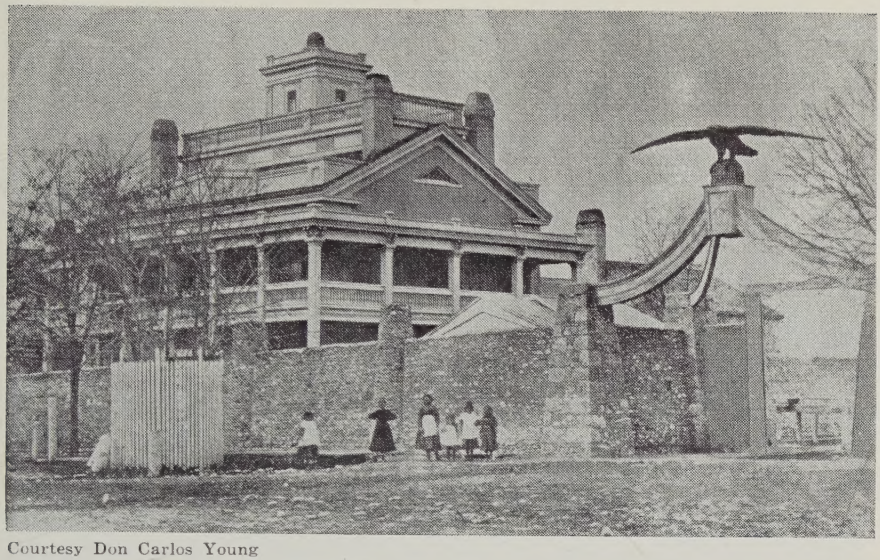
Thus was laid the foundation on which the Latter-day Saints made history in this desert land. The first band of pioneers was admonished by President Brigham Young to erect schools, to plant and harvest, and not to seek wealth or fame until they had established themselves and their families in homes built to stand.

The Bee Hive House on the corner of State and South Temple Streets in Salt Lake City, Utah, is in the same block with the stately Church Administration Building where the General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints today have their offices. In the early days South Temple was known as Brigham Street, and State Street was called Theater Hill.

The Lion House, where some of Brigham Young's families lived, and the Bee Hive House are joined by the small office from which the Territorial history, State history, and the early Church administration emanated. The Bee Hive House was built by President Brigham Young as his official residence as the Governor of the Territory of Utah, by Presidential appointment, in which capacity he served for two terms, from 1850 to 1858.

From his memories and love of the beautiful old colonial mansions in Vermont, his birthplace, the home he wanted to build was pictured in the mind of Brigham Young.

In his youth he had been an expert cabinetmaker and undoubtedly had unusual natural architectural ability. With Truman O. Angell, a trained architect of great ability and reputation, to visualize his descriptions and desires and materialize his



Courtesy Don Carlos Young

BEE HIVE HOUSE WITH THE ORIGINAL NINE-FOOT COBBLE-ROCK WALL AND THE EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

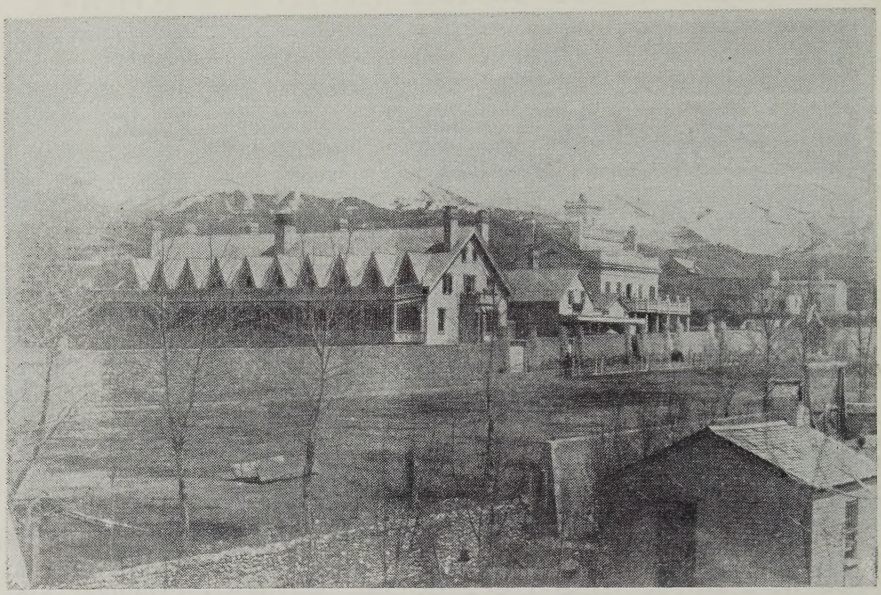
dreams, the Bee Hive House became a reality within a year's time.

In 1854, seven years after the first band of pioneers entered the Great Salt Lake Valley, the historic house was begun, and one year later, in 1855, it was completed and ready for occupancy.

When one considers that this house was built in the heart of a desert, a wilderness, and still stands as a monument to the past, it bears evidence that those stalwart men who planned and built were craftsmen and master builders. In the conception and completion of this wonderful old home which reflects the Greek and colonial traditions in architecture is the historical proof that among those early converts were superior men and women. There were cabinetmakers, masons, painters, carpenters, plasterers, stonecutters and architects. Many had received their knowledge and training in the old country. They understood the making of adobe. The glaziers were experts. Many of the cabinetmakers and architects had their training in the finest universities of the times.

Looking back, one realizes that with all the training and knowledge, had there not been a willingness and a deep spirit of co-operation, the task of building in those early days could never have been accomplished. The wood was plentiful in the canyons, but it took willing hands to cut and haul it. The stone and rock had to be quarried under difficulties hard to comprehend in this day of modern facilities.

THE large square Bee Hive House, with its white pillars reaching to the second story, was built of adobe brick, plastered, then calcimined in pale yellow. Above the second



VIEW OF THE LION HOUSE (LEFT) AND THE BEE HIVE HOUSE, WITH THE WHITE HOUSE AT THE UPPER RIGHT
Showing the small office which connected the two buildings
Photograph Taken About 1860

story were two small rooms with half diamond-shaped windows on the east and west sides. On top of the house was built a square cupola with a replica of a large Bee Hive from which the house was named.

"Deseret" was the Jaredite name for the "honey bee" and denotes "industry," and undoubtedly the Bee Hive was used as a symbol of the needs of the people when Utah was known as the Territory of Deseret.

One cannot help but wonder if the captain's walk, with its quaint fence, which surrounds the Bee Hive on top of the house, does not tell a story of the need for watchful protection which was vital in those early days, for the pioneers had traveled far to escape persecution, and they had been menaced by the Indians as they crossed the plains. Perhaps the captain's walk was added to denote protection and give assurance that families might live and love and worship unmolested.

The Bee Hive House, the Governor's office, and Lion House stood behind a nine-foot cobble-rock wall which was built to serve a three-fold purpose. It was a protection against the rushing waters from City Creek which flooded down Theater Hill; it gave the unemployed work, for Brigham Young maintained that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop"; and it was a safeguard for his families against unfriendly Indians. In those early days these were matters of real concern. Even though Brigham Young insisted that the Latter-day Saints should befriend and feed the Indians, it was several years before they became friendly. Many true stories are told about them coming to the

Bee Hive House gates, at first demanding food and clothing, then gradually begging and pleading for sugar and flour.

The old cobble wall had many gates and entrances — some for carriages, others which were kept locked and guarded at all times. Only the gate in front of the private office of the First Presidency remained open, but this was always guarded.

Inside of the cobble wall was a lovely garden. Old-fashioned flowers, rosebushes, and arbors covered with grapes filled the air with sweet fragrance in spring and summer. There was a beautiful cherry tree, laden with blossoms in the spring, which bore the oxheart cherries to be preserved later for winter use.

The fruit from the peach and apricot trees was dried in the attic rooms. Near the rear door of the Bee Hive House stood a lovely locust tree which Clara Page Decker Young (one of the women who was with the first company which came into the Valley) had planted from the seeds she brought from Nauvoo. Its beautiful branches shaded the kitchen door.

TWO lilac trees planted by Lucy Decker Young, in 1861, in the southeast corner of the garden still

John A. Spencer, Jr.

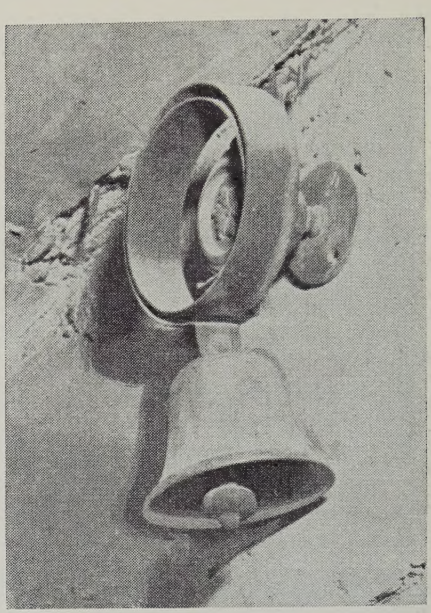
AUTHENTIC WALNUT CHAIR AND TABLE BELONGING TO PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

The fruit compote on the table belonged to President Young's set of "goldband" monogrammed with the initials "B.Y."

remain to herald the springtime with their lavender blossoms.

Silkworms were raised, and in the upper garden, fruits and vegetables were cultivated for the use of the families.

The original Bee Hive House was just a story and a half at the back and two stories in front. As it was built for the official Governor's house, one that could be used for entertaining as well as for a home for the family who resided there, the rooms were spacious. The furnishings were beautiful and lovely in their simplicity. All that went into the Bee Hive House depicted a cultural appreciation of fine, beautiful things. The fabrics used in the draperies and upholstery were rich in texture and color, and yet were practical.



Courtesy *Deseret News*

THE ORIGINAL DOORBELL OF THE BEE HIVE HOUSE

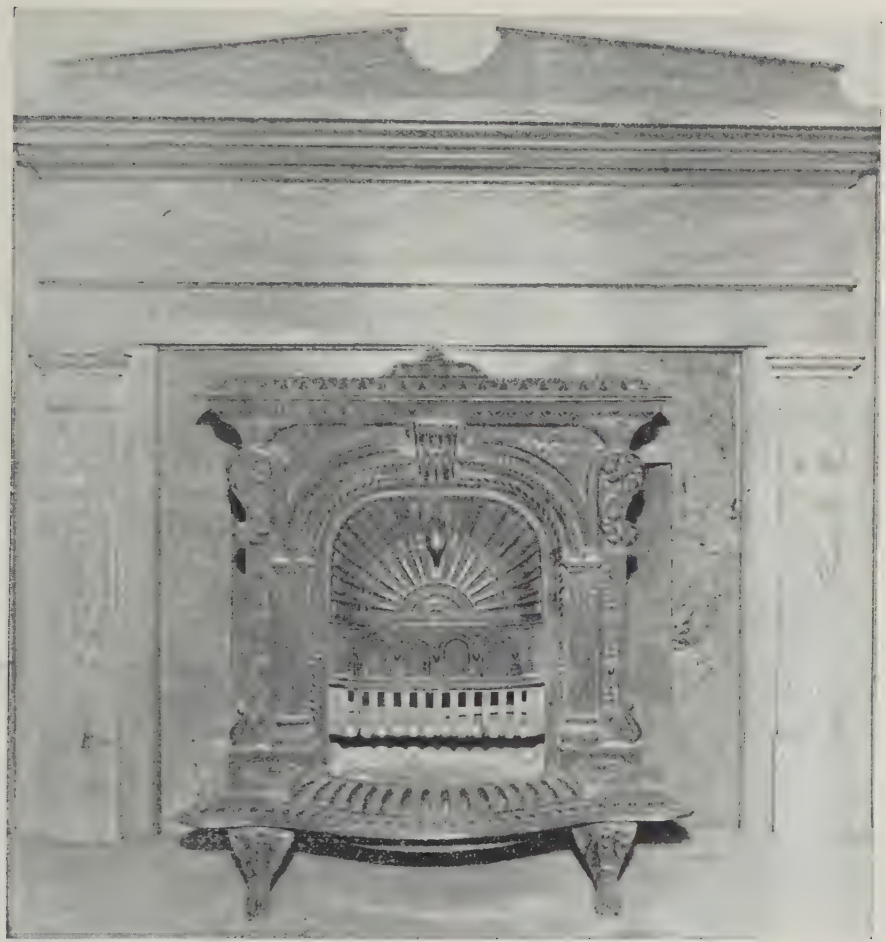
It still hangs from the ceiling in the front hall.

This bell was attached to an opening outside by a little wire.

THERE were two parlors, the downstairs one, opposite Brigham Young's bedroom, was known as the sitting room. The walls were a soft shade of green. Nottingham lace curtains were at the windows, a four-ply ingrain carpet covered the natural pine floors.

Against the west wall of the sitting room stood a beautiful square grand piano made by the United Makers. Often a violin rested on top of the piano. A harp stood nearby. In this room in the evenings there was always music and singing. A Lady Franklin stove stood in front of the fireplace, and there were easy and wooden chairs made by William O. Bell. In this downstairs sitting room, Brigham Young always ate his breakfast at ten o'clock while he would counsel with those who came to him on the pressing problems of the day. He always ate his dinner at four-thirty in the Lion House with his families.

The upper parlor ran the full length of fifty feet and was called the long hall. There were graceful, rounded coved ceilings and coved moldings. The couches and chairs were upholstered in deep raspberry silk brocade. Walnut tables and chairs furnished the rooms, and at the windows were rose lambrequins and gold cornices. The natural pine floors were covered with four-ply ingrain gray carpet designed with roses and green leaves. At the end of this room hung a full length gold-framed mirror with a basket of flowers beneath made of shells. It was a parlor in every sense of the



John A. Spencer, Jr.

ORIGINAL LADY FRANKLIN STOVE AND MANTEL IN THE RESTORED BEE HIVE HOUSE

Two original Lady Franklin stoves have been presented to the restored Bee Hive House. The stove presented by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. and his family originally belonged to C. R. Savage, father of President Clark's wife, Luacine Savage Clark. The other Lady Franklin stove was presented by Elizabeth Bennett Winters, and originally belonged to Rachel Ivins Grant, mother of President Heber J. Grant.

word. Lady Franklin stoves stood in front of the two wooden mantels. The room was lighted by two chandeliers, each fitted with three coal oil lamps.

THE south front door with the small panes of glass framing it opened into the entrance hall. At one side of the door there was a small opening where one would

press his finger and a bell would ring inside. This bell was attached to the little opening with a pulley wire. Up in the ceiling of the hall the little cowbell, for that is what it looked like, peeled forth with a resonance that resounded in every nook and corner of the Bee Hive House. It still hangs from the ceiling in the front hall.

The walls of the hall were painted in tans and browns to represent Tennessee marble, and on the east wall a long staircase led upstairs to the landing on the second floor, then the stairway became a spiral leading up to the attic and the two small rooms on the east and west. One of these rooms was used as a studio where some of the children were taught painting. Up there in the attic hung the luscious Black Prince grapes to dry and to be used for raisins later on.

In the north end of the Bee Hive House on the main floor was the store which was kept well stocked for family use. The counters and shelves were laden with calicoes, braid, notions, and staples of all kinds. There were drugs, dried peas, and apples. In large square glass jars were maple sugar, syrup, rock and peppermint candy, and sometimes even white lump sugar which, to the children, was a real treat.

Altogether there were fourteen rooms, not counting the cellar, where cupboards were filled with huge jars of preserves. Here in the cellar hung the swinging milk shelves with their ten-quart pans of rich milk, topped with thick cream which was churned into rolls of butter. All the supplies that had to be kept cold, were kept there. What a wonderful place that cellar must have been! There was the homey old kitchen with its big black cookstove and tin-lined sink, a cupboard that would hold fifty pies, wooden chopping bowls, utensils and dishes to serve at least thirty people daily. Always there were sixteen to eighteen helpers to be boarded, besides the men who worked on the estate, as well as Lucy Ann's and Brigham Young's seven children who lived in the Bee Hive House. The help ate in a large room known as the men's dining room.

Throughout the house the woodwork was painted and grained to simulate bird's-eye maple. The windows originally were all small panes, for the small squares of glass were the only kind that could be shipped into the Valley during those early days.

Thus stood the old Pioneer Mansion, built within a year's time, its foundation firm, its walls solid, and its architecture picturesque. With its spacious rooms, its wide stone veranda, its high colonial pillars surrounded by the old-fashioned garden, it remains as a monument to the history of the past. It was a residence for a Governor, for Presidents of the Church, and a home for ideal family life. All who lived there learned to love it and to remember it always as home.

(To be continued and concluded next month)

No Comments, Please

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

SANDRA Baker hummed merrily in time to the whir of her sewing machine. Sandra loved sewing. She loved this soft rose corduroy. When made into rompers for baby Cindy, it would make an angel of her for sure. She even loved this sunny — what was it called? — bay window. No matter what service it had given in the past, right now it kept this creepy second-floor apartment from being the *worst*. Oh, it really was a beautiful morning.

The window recess was large enough for a small table. Sandra could use it for her typewriter, or, as now, for a work table for her sewing. Without moving, she could look up and see, not too far away, the roofs of the university buildings where Van at this moment was struggling with law books. And, though she could not see it, the building where Van worked after school was closer still.

There was always something interesting or amusing to be seen from this window. People, all kinds and ages, were forever climbing the steep grade on which this made-into-apartments house stood. And just as many people were going down it into town. There, now, was the little old woman who climbed it each morning at this time. She walked bent forward as if her shoulders could help her poor old legs. Sandra laughed aloud at a man who had pitted his dignity against the force of the wind and slope of the walk.

Cindy, aged eight months, cried out from the living room. Temper.

"Be nice, darling. Mama will soon have one of these. . . ."

Sandra stopped short. No. It couldn't be — but it was. Her mother-in-law was tripping up the sidewalk as effortlessly as a twenty-year-old girl. And the very insouciance of her walk — oh, dear. Why today? In two seconds the machine was closed and every trace of the rose corduroy had disappeared.

It was not that Sandra disliked Gracie, but she felt so frustrated and inadequate beside her. No matter what Sandra planned, Gracie got there first with the best.

There was the matter of baby clothes. Was she allowed to do that anticipated sewing? No, by the time she had found money to buy material, Gracie had made or purchased enough clothes for three babies. When they moved into this apartment there had been no drapes at the front window. A girl friend who did textile painting needed drapes also. They planned to make them together, from unbleached muslin. Sandra was to do the sewing and Marlene the painting. After an afternoon hunt for a suitable design for painting, Sandra came home to find her drapes bought, made, and hung. Also paid for. They were so beautiful and exactly right for the room, but it was a long time before Sandra could look at them without a flare of temper. There were dozens of other little

things that she refused to remember, but if Gracie brought another present for Cindy she, Sandra, was going to scream.

GRACIE did not bring a present, but there was something in the wind besides dust, Sandra told herself. She met Gracie at the head of the stairs.

"May I fix you something to eat?"

"No, thanks, dear. I have eaten."

They went into the living room and Mrs. Baker swept Cindy off the floor into her arms. Cindy was the first girl in the Baker family so it was no wonder her grandmother worshiped her. Not that she was called Grandmother, that and Mother Baker were strictly for the birds. She wanted to be called Gracie.

"I don't think you should let her on the floor, Sandy. There is a cool breeze out, and this old house is full of drafts."

When the wind blew hard the house was drafty, but Sandra had thought today's wind was mild and rather pleasant. She was puzzled. Excessive gaiety usually meant something — could it be something about the house?

"Are you sure you don't want lunch?"

"No. Thank you. I met Mildred Oliver and we had lunch together. We hadn't seen each other for years, but they have moved back to town. She has a new granddaughter, too. We had the most wonderful time making plans."

I guess you did. For an instant Sandra thought she had said the words aloud. Her face flushed, but Gracie was too involved in her plans to notice. She was so sweet and kind, Sandra thought, but in any project involving the two of them the senior Mrs. Baker immediately became commander-in-chief. Sandra had yearnings toward that position herself.

"Mid told me about the new Clover Arms — grandest apartments just being opened for rent. We went to look at them. I just couldn't resist."

"Why would you want an apartment?" Sandra asked. She knew the Bakers owned their home. "Are Bill and Doris coming back?"

For just an instant Gracie's face clouded. Sandra knew why and really sympathized with her mother-in-law. Bill had taken a less desirable position in another town "so they could live their own lives," quote Doris.

"Oh, no." Gracie recovered her poise quickly, but she kept her head turned. She was tieing a lace on Cindy's shoe. "I was thinking of you and Van."

"I like this apartment." Sandra kept her voice level. "It is close enough to school that Van can walk, and we both have positions in the ward."

GRACIE swept the objections aside. "You would soon be put to work out there. I hear they are just organizing a ward. And Van could do without a Church position until he is through school. He would have to drive back and forth, but the Clover Arms is so new and exclusive, and the living room of the one I . . ." her voice broke but she hurried on, "is large enough for a piano."

"You didn't rent us an apartment?"

"No. . . . I just asked him to hold it until I could come talk to you."

"But we haven't a piano," Sandra's voice was beginning to show strain, "and we are in no position to buy one. Are you sure you wouldn't like a cookie and a glass of lemonade?"

"No, dear. I must watch my weight, remember? I was going to say, if you had that larger apartment, you could have my piano. Van could keep up with his music." Sandra, ignoring the "larger apartment," started to say that between school work, and Aaronic Priesthood responsibilities, Van would have no time for practice, but Gracie hurried on, "Besides there is Cindy."

"What do you mean?"

"She must have lessons. That is why we must start planning early. See, her fingers are long and slender like her Daddy's."

For a second Sandra was beyond speech. "Why . . . why," she spluttered, "Cindy is only eight months old."

"I know, but there is a new music professor living at the Clover Arms. He is a refugee, but already has a waiting list of pupils. It is not too soon to get Cindy's name on the list."

Sandra's voice rose in spite of herself, "When Cindy is ready for music lessons, I will find a teacher. You don't want us to be a family, at all. . . ."

Instantly Sandra regretted her words. It was awful to see Gracie's bright gaiety fade so quickly. Without a word, Gracie put Cindy on the floor and went fumblingly down the stairs. From the window Sandra watched her go down the street. She almost looked her age.

I shouldn't have spoken so. I should go call her back and apologize. But Sandra made no movement to do so. Then, when the drooping figure was out of sight, she thought, anyway it is the truth.

But being the truth did not help much. It did not take away the memory of Gracie's face nor the droop of her shoulders. Nor did it bring peace to Sandra.

When she had Cindy down for her nap, Sandra tried to study a Bee Hive lesson, but finally had to close the book. She went to the window and looked out. The wind was blowing, she noticed. She took out the rose corduroy, but she made so many mistakes she soon put it away.

Gracie would be such a wonderful woman if only she would not spend so much on them, would not try to dominate their lives. That she could afford to give was beside the point.

IN her own home Sandra had been held to a very strict accounting on the matter of money. Whatever she received, be it only a dime, must be divided into three parts. One cent went into her tithing bank, five cents went into her savings, and the other four pennies she could spend as she wished. It wasn't that her folks had been particularly hard up. They were frugal and saving.

"Why, honey," Van had said to her once after shopping for groceries, "I didn't know I had married such a beautiful Scrooge. We shall be rich some day."

As the afternoon waned, Sandra's anger waned and her confusion increased. Van would never approve

of what she had done — but he didn't know half of what went on. There was the sweater, for instance.

Van had been in need of a sweater. Sandra, without telling him, did some typing for a woman downstairs. Each page she typed she laid aside with the exhilarating thought of the surprise and pleasure Van would know on his birthday.

She had priced sweaters carefully and lovingly. The one she wanted to buy was $39.95. The one she finally bought was $24.95. Placed beside the more expensive ones it looked shoddy, but when she compared it with cheaper ones it looked quite respectable.

Van's parents had dined with them that evening. When Sandra had seen the box Gracie brought, her spirits had panicked. Surely Gracie had not brought a sweater. She just couldn't — but she had, the very one Sandra had wanted to buy. Sandra had slipped her box back into the closet and kissed Van and told him that was her present to him.

Over and over all the little disturbing details of her association with Gracie marched through Sandra's mind, but the words she had said to Gracie overshadowed everything. On a sudden impulse Sandra went to the telephone. Her mother would understand and say words that would take the bitter taste from her tongue.

"Sandy, has something happened?" It was wonderful to hear that voice. It was easy to pour out her story. When she had finished, there was silence at the other end of the line. Sandra hastened to her own defense.

"Can't you see, Mama? I had to say something. She wants to do everything for us. I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Is that why you called me? To assure me you had to say what you said?"

"Yes, but — but, Mama, don't you see. . . ."

"I see that you did something very rude and now you want my approval."

"But — Mama. . . ."

"You have a problem, that I will admit," Mrs. Shelton went on, "but you will never solve it by such actions. I think you should go and look out of your big window for awhile."

SANDRA did go stand by the window. She looked at the buildings. She could see only parts of the close ones, but those farther away could be seen in their entirety. It was some time before she knew why her mother had asked her to do this.

"How are my two best ladies?" Van had much of his mother's happy disposition. He swung Cindy into his arms and hugged Sandra at the same time. Instead of returning his kiss, Sandra buried her face in his shoulder and burst into sobs.

"Hey, what goes? Sit down, nuisance, while I investigate."

Cindy did not want to be put down. She added her protests to her mother's sobs. Van tried to turn Sandra's face, but she refused to look up.

"Let's have a stop to this — right now." He used both hands to lift her face and his tone stopped both sobs and protests. "What is wrong,

sweetheart? Tell me what happened."

As Sandra told her story, Van pressed her close against his shoulder.

"Please," he said at length, "give me credit for having a little perception. I know how mother takes over. I even know about the sweater, but," his voice hardened, "we have a long time to live together and we won't have feelings. It was pretty dumb, don't you think, to go so far out over something six or eight years in the future?"

"But she is having an apartment held for us."

"So what? We don't have to move, but you didn't have to be rude to her. Don't you think you owe her an apology? After all, she is my mother — and a wonderful one."

Sandra nodded without speaking.

"Then go wash your eyes and put on your face while I put Cindy into her togs."

"But — but dinner is ready." Sandra was a little awed by the note of authority in her husband's voice. It was the first time she had heard it, and for some reason it lifted her spirits. "Couldn't we. . . ?"

"We are going now."

Sandra did not entirely erase the effects of her unhappy afternoon, but she helped her looks. Van had Cindy in one arm and started for the stairs when his parents walked in.

Sandra stared at her father-in-law. The kind, gentle look was gone from his face, and she knew instantly where Van got that tight muscle around his mouth.

"Mama has come to apologize," Mr. Baker said without preamble.

"We were just leaving for your place," Van answered, "Sandra wants to apologize."

"Mama will apologize."

Sandra looked from father to son and back again. She could not believe what she was seeing. She looked at Gracie and saw the same thing she felt. She started to giggle, then the two women threw their arms around each other and laughed hysterically.

The men looked bewildered and lost. When Mr. Baker muttered, "Ridiculous way to apologize," Van started to laugh.

They had finished the delightful dinner Sandra had prepared when Mr. Baker reverted to the subject of the dispute.

There was no tension in his voice and none in the room. "It was my fault, really. I knew Mama was going overboard, but it was so easy to agree with her. Give and take in moderation is the word from now on."

Sandra turned to see how Gracie was taking the pronouncement. Gracie's face was glowing, she was really beautiful.

"I bought some lovely rose corduroy with the money I saved from the sweater, Mother Baker. Will you help me make rompers for Cindy?"

"I'd love to. All my life I have wanted a little girl to sew for."

"Dad said it was a ridiculous way to apologize," Van said, later that night, "I think it was more ridiculous to dispute over music lessons for a child eight months old. The way you women. . . ."

Sandra put her lips on his. "No comments, please."

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

REMEMBERING THE PIONEER TRAIL: We had prayers in the morning, in fact I am sure it was faith in God we depended on to bring us safely along. . . . Looking backward I can recall a few bright mornings when something unusual broke the monotony, or the scenery was more picturesque, or we had seen a beautiful deer, perhaps two or three or half a dozen such beauties, so graceful in their movements . . . . There was order in the camp, men stood guard at night and we slept soundly in the open air. . . . How marvelously we were guided to this land. . . .

—Aunt Em

THE DAWNING OF A BRIGHTER DAY: Looking at conditions now it seems useless to allude to such a time; and yet it is nevertheless the prophecy of the future by the greatest men and women — poets, sages, seers and philosophers and why should we not believe in the best for the human race? Tennyson foresaw it; Isaiah foreshadowed such a time, and when even the beasts of the field, the lamb and the lion should lie down together. And, therefore, women need not despair though all seems dark today as far as peace among the nations is concerned; yet the silent forces that are working and the heartfelt prayers of the tens of thousands of mothers that are offered daily will reach the ears of the Omnipotent, and truth and righteousness will eventually triumph, the earth will be redeemed and Satan will be bound. . . .

—Editorial

MORNING IN CAMP

Lo a mighty host of Jacob,
  Tented on the Western shore,
Of the noble Mississippi,
  Which they had been passing o'er,
At the last day dawn of winter,
  Bound with frost and wrapped in snow.
Hark, the cry is Onward! Onward!
  Camp of Israel rise and go. . . .

—Eliza R. Snow

AUNT ZINA'S PARTY: On Tuesday afternoon, July 26, a number of the sisters met at the residence of Sister Zina D. H. Young, to show their love and appreciation of this Mother in Israel. . . . Sister E. B. Wells made a few remarks and referred with love and appreciation of the many sisters who had been wont to meet with us on similar occasions who were now on the other side of the veil . . . Vilate Kimball, Mary Ann Young, Emma Smith, Eliza R. Snow, Elizabeth Ann Whitney, and later whom all present would remember, Phebe Woodruff, Sarah M. Kimball, Elizabeth Howard and many more . . . we should not allow their names to be forgotten, for they had helped lay the foundation for others. . . .

—New Note

BEAR LAKE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: President Julia P. Lindsay . . . said she had much pleasure in meeting in conference, had never yet performed a duty without receiving blessings. Spoke . . . on the great blessings we enjoy in this goodly land, and the promises made the sisters by the Prophet Joseph, if they would be faithful. . . .

—Nancy H. Allred, Stake Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, sister of Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain, became the bride of Anthony Armstrong-Jones, May sixth in Westminster Abbey. This is the first time in more than four hundred years that a member of British royalty has married a commoner. At Princess Margaret's personal request the Beatitudes were read (very solemnly and impressively) just preceding the ceremony, and the word "obey" in the bride's promises to the groom during the nuptial ceremony was retained.

MRS. EMERALD LUCY BARMAN ARBOGAST, of Los Angeles, California, was named 1960 American Mother of the Year. She gave remarkable help to her youngest of six children, who was retarded. She also established two schools for retarded children, to help others. She believes children should have freedom, but under strict supervision.

MRS. ERNEST (GRACE WATKINS) SONDERREGER, 66, of Midway, Wasatch County, was chosen Utah Mother of the Year. Eight of her ten children are still living, fine citizens and successful persons. Left a widow at the age of thirty-nine, she and her children worked together to pay off the mortgage on their farm. Also they managed so that each received a good education. Mrs. Sondereger has been active in Relief Society for many years, having served as organist, teacher, counselor, and president in her ward.

MRS. GRACE STEVENSON McDONALD FILLERUP, a native and former resident of Utah, but presently of Lovell, was chosen the Wyoming Mother of the Year. Still active in teaching (especially handicapped children) at seventy-one, she has attended four universities and has received many honors in the fields of both education and politics. She has been active as a Relief Society ward president and also stake board member.

MRS. SHIRLEY BROCKBANK PAXMAN is the wife-mother member of the Monroe J. Paxman clan numbering seven children and chosen in April as the Utah Family of the Year, and in May this family placed third in the national competition. Juvenile Court Judge Paxman is nationally noted for his work with delinquents and their parents. Mrs. Paxman, a registered nurse, is a brilliantly original, imaginative and clever mother. The Paxmans recently published locally a book, *Family Night Fun*, which is now being published nationally by Prentiss Hall Publishing Company, New York.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 JULY 1960 NO. 7

Family Vacationing

THE word *vacation* means different things to different people. To some it means doing nothing; to some, a change of routine; to others, travel. To many parents it offers one of the greatest opportunities to weld family members into unity.

Select three children and ask them what they did last vacation time. One may answer, "Aunt Edna stayed with us and Mama and Dad went away"; a second may reply: "I visited my grandmother in the country"; the third may answer, "Oh, we all did something together and was it fun! Last year we went and . . ." and his voice goes on and on recalling the happy time.

If parents intend to spend the father's vacation time as a family activity — one that will ever be recalled by the children with pleasure, it is well to set a family pattern while the children are young, ready to enter wholeheartedly into the family planning. An instance is recalled in which the parents felt they never had enough money to spend on a family vacation, and by the time they felt they could afford it, the interests of the children had become so diversified that a vacation together was unsuccessful.

If careful economy throughout the year has not provided extra money for a vacation, then special family fun may be generated within the home with a few extra treats because father is home. Children could take turns planning special vacation occasions. Older children could choose places which they would like to have visited, and through descriptions, programs, and food, they can strive to create reality.

One family began with the first child to go on a camping trip to a beautiful lake quite near home. At first they stayed in a cabin, and then each succeeding year they acquired additional sleeping bags, utensils, air mattresses, and larger tents. As the children grew older, there were swimming, boating, and hiking activities in the adjoining mountains. It was a change for every member, as father helped with the outdoor cooking and initiated the children into the skill, thus relieving mother of some of her duties. Every member relaxed amid different surroundings, far from the telephone and everyday duties.

Another family planned and saved for three years to make a trip far from home. The car was filled to overflowing as the family started out, and all the preparations and studies, which the older ones had made of the interesting and historical places to be visited, gave lasting and indelible impressions. These were reviewed and relived and provided a never-ending source of satisfaction as the years thinned the beloved members from the hearthside.

Interested parents with the en-

thusiastic help of older children can carefully map out and plan visits to new industries and ventures close at home. It is an unusual countryside today which does not offer interesting developments nearby. It takes very little money to bring a feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction to children. The fact that the *entire* family is going someplace together is usually enough to ensure a good time. Such an outing teaches children to give and take and learn to share and do things together.

Wise parents will make vacations fit into the family budget, so that when the vacation is over the enjoyment is not marred by debts. Planning within the budget is a lesson needed by every family member.

During the long winter evenings ahead, happy remembrances of last year's vacation at family hours will mingle with animated discussions on the forthcoming one. Father and mother may draw every member of the family closer as they unite on planning a vacation which will exemplify family standards and ideals. As the children grow into their teens trips to gambling meccas and high priced entertainments will not be a glamorous allurement. Instead, a vacation will mean careful budgeting and obtaining values of eternal worth.

—M.C.S.

Special Feature Section Postponed

The General Board regrets that through circumstances beyond its control, the special surprise feature for the July *Magazine* which was announced in the April 1960 issue had to be postponed, and is now scheduled to appear in the August *Magazine*. Watch for the August *Magazine*, and be sure that your subscription is up to date so that you will not miss this special feature issue.

Her Patterned Lace

Iris W. Schow

Designs Grandmother knit into her lace,
The fan, the double rose leaf, and the shell,
Remain like fossil imprints one can trace
In ancient stone, and have their tales to tell
Of days not idly spent. I pause to look,
And feel as if I saw recorded there
The mild bow of her smile, the open book
Of purity that was her life, her hair
Parted and curving back like silver wings.
I sense the light touch that she left, who laid
Aside the garden tools and milking things
For needles; changes found her unafraid.
Age brought her toil-creased hands, not rest's confinement,
But free expression of her soul's refinement.

PIONEER HOME OF MELISSA JANE BIGLER LAMBSON
AND ALFRED B. LAMBSON

This home stood on the northeast corner of North Temple and First West Streets, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Frontier Garden

Alice Morrey Bailey

Great-grandma's garden grew unplanned
From traded "slip" and "start,"
Mementos of a distant land
Still verdant in her heart.

Sweet williams edged the pieplant stalk;
The squashes' prickled vine
Ran riot with the hollyhock.
Beans vied with columbine.

Too long she knew the desert's thirst,
Its ruthless hunger-need,
To choose a lilac's beauty first
Above corn's nutrient seed,

But vines can arch with climbers' grace
The crudely handmade beam,
And weld with Queen Anne's silver lace
The lean-to's awkward seam.

No matter what her walls and roof—
Adobe, log, or stone—
With flower and leaf her moral proof,
She claimed this spot her own.

Summer Picnic

Leone E. McCune

EACH year when our valley finally emerged from its blankets of snow and ice, and the first signs of spring — crocuses and buttercups, thrust their yellow heads upward on the cold damp hills, I would begin to dream of summer days when I could go with Papa to our farm, about six miles from our home. I was the eldest of the family of five and should have been a boy, I guess. My little brother would grow up in time, though.

School was wonderful, but as the spring days grew warmer, these dreams intruded themselves more and more often across the pages of my textbooks.

Papa had always been patient with his three little girls, who frequently waited for him at the top of a hill about two blocks from our home. From a vantage point in our back yard, Mama would keep an eye on us. Papa would jump down from his high load of sweet smelling hay, when he saw us waiting. He would boost each one of us up on top, then spring up beside us, and we would go merrily off on our short ride to the barn.

In the mornings, if his chores kept him around the garden or barns later than usual, we sometimes wakened early enough to ride in the empty wagon to the hilltop. After he had lifted each one of us down, we would watch until he disappeared out of sight down the long lane. Then, gathering may-apples on the grassy walk, we would eat the pungent little yellow balls on our way home to breakfast.

Now I was more grown-up and school was out at last. June — dandelion and plum blossom laden, arrived. There was no more beautiful place in the world than our farm in summer. The valley was surrounded by green wooded hills. Two sides of the farm were almost enclosed by green willows that grew along the banks, their tips trailing in the streams. Lucerne, with its purple-blue flowers, covered the undulated land like a blue and green carpet. Across these acres on the south side, a field of wheat was growing. In September it would be a waving carpet of gold. And over it all was the inverted bowl of blue sky.

Sometimes I stayed all day at the farm, riding the hay rake, the mowing machine, or whatever Papa was working that day. If I did not go for the whole day I drove my little brown pony hitched to our buggy, taking Papa a hot lunch, which we enjoyed together. Then we would try a little fishing before starting to work. There were two streams running through our farm, one swift and filled with delicious little brook trout, easy to catch. The other stream was larger, and in one place logs and stones caused an obstruction, creating quite a good sized pool. A clump of trees grew here, and the water was quiet and clear. We could see large fish swimming around, speckled herring, Papa said. We would bait our hooks and lie flat on our stomachs, fascinated, scarcely daring to breathe.

"See," he would whisper, "that fellow was here last year. The same

ones come back every year."

We would watch, I hoping to catch one, yet half hoping they'd be smart enough to refuse our bait. We never caught any of the large ones.

WHEN the days were extremely hot, Papa urged me to take a rest under the trees and read my book, which I always brought along. I would sink down on the grassy bank, where I could smell the water and the fish. Always the fragrance of growing things, the hay newly cut, pervaded the air with sweetness.

Sometimes, deep in the pages of *Little Women, Good Wives, Robinson Crusoe,* and many others, I would forget where I was until some sound brought me back to reality. Then, apologetically, I'd go out to join Papa. He never seemed to mind. I was probably more of a nuisance than a help, anyway. He just liked having me around. If a storm threatened and the work piled up, he could always hire Jens to help us out, as he frequently did.

Such joyful summer days they were! And the most special were the days when Mama brought the children and a hot meal out to Papa and me. We would spread a red-checkered tablecloth on the grass in the shade. Each child carried something to the picnic table from the buggy. Papa unharnessed the mare and let her graze while we ate.

There before us were spread Mama's home-baked bread and the butter that she had churned, little new potatoes and green peas in white sauce, string beans, beets in sweetened vinegar, and roast beef hot from the pan. All the vegetables were from our garden. There was milk from our cow, kept cold in the cellar. Mama's white cake with chocolate icing topped the meal that has never to my mind in all the years following found its superior.

It was such a joy to see Mama and Papa relaxing and having fun with the family, however briefly. They were such busy people, except on Sundays when all the work waited while we went to church.

After the picnic was over Papa hitched up the mare, and the children carried the dishes and utensils under Mama's supervision to the buggy. Papa helped the little ones up into the seats, and Mama left for home to put the little ones to bed.

Then Papa and I worked until it was too dark to see any longer. On these rare evenings when we stayed, the big moon came up over the hills and flooded us with its glory as we turned the horses' heads toward home.

Poverty

Grace Ingles Frost

Not to see the gold that gilds the sun,
Not to hear rare tones in brooks that run
Buoyantly with beauty's rhythmic voice,
Not with blithesome songsters to rejoice,
Not to share in children's lightsome glee,
Is naught but abject poverty to me.

In Memory of Miss Ollie

Pauline L. Jensen

NO one ever knew the reasons why Miss Ollie and her parents chose to settle in our small mid-Western town. It was, indeed, a far cry from the Massachusetts coastal village where Miss Ollie's father had plied his trade as a sea captain. The town seethed with curiosity, and the most popular belief, and one that endured through the years, was that Miss Ollie had been disappointed in love, and that her parents had taken her as far from the scene of sorrow as was possible. Born and bred in the tradition of New England, Miss Ollie kept her counsel, and if she cherished any grief, it stayed within the confines of her heart.

There certainly was nothing to indicate a grieving maiden about Miss Ollie. With her small, erect figure, and dark, sparkling eyes framed in heavy lashes, she was the embodiment of beauty as portrayed by the artists in the years just preceding the twentieth century. Her blue-black hair was pulled severely back from the oval face and fashioned in a bun at the nape of her neck. This only served to accent her patrician features and emphasize the luminous quality in her eyes.

It was just before the turn of the century that Miss Ollie and her parents settled down in the neat white house on Elm Street. The town, a river port, was rough and well supplied with taverns, but short on culture. The thing Miss Ollie missed the most was a library. With the help of a small group of friends, and backed by several of the civic organizations, she set up a small "book exchange," open to the public, tending it herself, and receiving no remuneration in a financial way.

The popularity of the "lending" library brought home to the city fathers the need of something better. An outgrown, abandoned two-room schoolhouse was commandeered, and it was there that Miss Ollie began her career, which was to last for over forty years.

Right from the start, Miss Ollie knew her patrons' likes and dislikes, in the book world. She also guessed, and accurately so, the possibilities that lay within each person. In confidence she heard their woes, their joys, their fears, and dreams. Miss Ollie listened well.

"We got some new kittens, Miss Ollie," a child would say. Miss Ollie's eyes would brighten. "Then you want this book. It's about a cat, Miss Muffett, and it tells how she teaches manners to her babies." A happy child would trudge off clutching tightly the book that would increase her knowledge of the animal world.

"Ma is sick, and wonders would you pick out some books for her to read?" a lad would question. Miss Ollie knew the kind of books Ma liked — light love stories. She would choose a few, and then pick up one of the classics. Casually, she would say: "I wonder if your mother would like this one? It's one of my favorites. I read it over and over and never tire of it."

Miss Ollie knew the message

would be repeated word for word. Like as not Ma, herself, would return the books, and would shyly say, "I liked that book. It was real nice. Have you another something like it?" Miss Ollie had, and got it for her promptly.

SOMETIMES it was a pre-teen child, bored with the limited number of books available in that bracket. Miss Ollie would hold aloft a book of Dickens, and look thoughtful. "Now here is one, but I'm afraid it's much too hard for you."

Curiosity would bring the child closer. Then Miss Ollie would nod her head and state, "No, I don't think it is too hard! You're a bright child, and I think you'd understand it! Anyway it's fun to look words up in the dictionary." A beaming child would clasp the book to her. Indeed she would read it. If Miss Ollie thought she could understand it, then she could!

A shame-faced boy would face Miss Ollie across the dark oak desk. "Pa says I can't take out any more books. Says it's just a waste of time." Miss Ollie sat in silence for a moment. She knew Pa's guarded secret. He could barely write his name, and could read only a dozen words or so.

"Why don't I send some books to your Father?" she said, gathering up a few. "It might be that he would get so interested in them that he'd understand how much reading means to you."

Pa, himself, returned the books and took out more. Until his death, Pa never missed a week of getting books at the library. He would walk down Main Street, the books conspicuously displayed, as he stopped and chatted with friends. Miss Ollie not only listened well, but kept other people's secrets.

For all her kindliness, Miss Ollie was not one to be imposed upon or treated disrespectfully. The roughest and the toughest high school boys quailed before the look she gave them when they had infringed upon a library law. And the culprit who defaced a book was brought swiftly to justice. "Books," Miss Ollie said, "are to be loved and cherished. They give so much and ask only gentle treatment in return." Miss Ollie's saddened eyes upon the torn or marked book were harder for the guilty one to bear than a fine or hard scolding.

The rich, the poor, the lettered and unlettered, the young and old, all made their way to Miss Ollie's haven. "Miss Ollie, I'd like to be a teacher, but I have no money," a high school student told her. "There'll be a way!" Miss Ollie's voice was confident. There was a way. On graduation, the student found a scholarship and part-time job awaiting her.

MISS Ollie carefully scrutinized the bandage a teen-age boy had applied to his dog's swollen leg.

"I cleaned the wound out real well, and now the swelling's down a lot."

Miss Ollie nodded. "You did a good job. You'd make a fine doctor!"

"That's what I'd like to be, Miss Ollie. But I don't know — maybe I'm not smart enough. Besides, it costs a lot of money."

"You're smart enough, and some-

how you will find the money." And thus the seeds were sown, which came to fruit some fifteen years later.

"Miss Ollie, do you have a book of poems?" a chubby, pig-tailed little girl inquired. Miss Ollie smiled with pleasure, and piled the books into the waiting arms. Could she have had any inkling that throughout her life this child would love poetry, and writing would become her vocation?

The years sped so quickly that at times it seemed unbelievable to Miss Ollie that she was now serving second and third generations. But, mostly, she was far too busy to think in terms of time. Retirement had no meaning to her. The townspeople would no more think of retiring Miss Ollie than of burning down the new, enlarged library.

Then, suddenly, Miss Ollie's forty-sixth anniversary as town librarian was there. It was a gala occasion, and all day people made their way through the library doors to pay homage to a gracious lady, seated regally in a big chair that engulfed her small figure. All day the gifts, the telegrams, the visitors poured in. From far and near they greeted her, recalling to her mind the years that seemed but days ago.

When it was all over, Miss Ollie got down from her chair. "Please," she said to friends who lingered to take her home, "just leave me alone here for awhile. I want to think of all that today has brought, and live again some of those memories that have been reviewed by today's events."

And that was where they found her a few hours later, when they called back to get her. She was seated in the swivel chair behind the desk, with hands folded. Miss Ollie had left her heart where it belonged — in the small town library, where her wise and kindly influence had helped to shape, for better, the lives of many people.

To a Pioneer Mother

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Sun-streaked for centuries and soaked with heat
The valley floor was fire, even to feet
Torn and toughened by the weary walk
Down prairie grass and mountain sage and rock.
Within a thousand miles, there were no shoes. . . .
What did you do, little mother? What did you use?

The earth was dust and waste. No greening plant
Freshened your wary gaze; the food was scant;
Prudently, mile by mile, you had weighed
Each child his meted share. Were you afraid?
How did you teach your little ones to care
For sego lily roots and cricket fare?

What did you do, little mother, when the wind blew cold
About the dugout home? It was hard to hold
The canvas door against the snow, piled
Like hoary wolves; the elements were wild
And ruthless and untamed. What did you do,
Little Mother? *"I kept the faith for you."*

Bazaar Sewing — Multi-Purpose Bag

Jean R. Jennings

BAZAARS! Bazaars! Bazaars! What shall we do about bazaars?

Everyone has them. The big problem is "How can we improve them?" That is, how can women spend less time in making more profit and eliminate wasted effort?

Obviously, this would involve bazaar items that have a small initial cost and take a minimum of time to make. Too frequently women spend precious time making fussy things that bring only a small revenue. Some thought should also be given to the possible usefulness of the articles to the buyer.

This bag is useful, appealing, and involves a very minimum of expense to make. In addition, it is simple enough even for beginning sewers and takes little time.

This is a bag designed as a travel case for jewelry. It could also be turned into a party bag for teenagers and young women. Enlarged, and made of sturdier material, it would serve as a tote-bag and double for carrying handwork.

Make this bag as lovely or elegant as you can from scraps of material left over from dressy and formal dresses. If you don't have pieces, collect some from friends and neighbors who have made brocaded or embroidered gowns. Fabrics with silver or gold threads woven through are effective to use. Line the bags with gay pieces of contrasting or blending satins, taffetas, or crepes that you may have bundled up and saved.

For large-sized tote bags, unearth drapery or upholstery remnants, or pieces of decorative denim or chintz. Line these with the same fabric or pieces of gingham, muslin, or polished cotton.

For the jewelry-size or party-size bags you will need circles of cloth as follows:

One circle each of fabric and lining 12 inches in diameter.

One circle each of fabric and lining 9 inches in diameter.

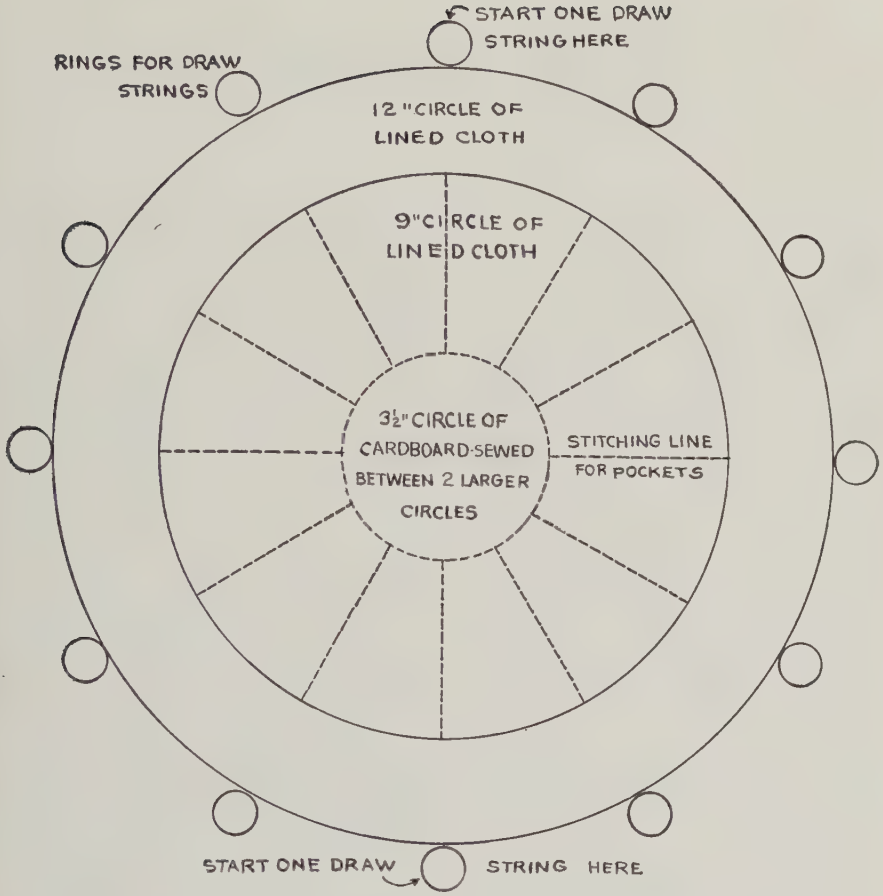
One circle of cardboard 3½ inches in diameter.

In addition, the bag calls for 1¼ yards of cord or narrow ribbon for drawstrings and 40 inches of beading or open braid to serve as casing for draw-strings. Small rings may be sewed on the edge in place of braid. If so, 16 will be needed.

TO make the bag, begin by sewing the circles of lining to the circles of fabric, right sides together. Take ¼ inch seams and leave three inches unsewed to allow for turning. Then turn circles right side out, slip stitch together unstitched portions of the edges, and baste and press seams flat.

Next center the cardboard circle on the lining side of the large circle of fabric. Place the smaller circle over it with the lining against the cardboard. Baste in place and then stitch around the cardboard on the machine as close as possible. See illustration.

Now make pockets to hold earrings or small jeweled pins by stitching on the machine as shown in the illustration. If the bag is to be used as a party purse, pockets may be made in sizes to fit comb, compact, lipstick, etc. The center section of


START ONE DRAW STRING HERE
RINGS FOR DRAW STRINGS
12 "CIRCLE OF LINED CLOTH
9"CIRCLE OF LINED CLOTH
3½"CIRCLE OF CARDBOARD SEWED BETWEEN 2 LARGER CIRCLES
STITCHING LINE FOR POCKETS
START ONE DRAW STRING HERE

the bag, made either way, will hold larger articles.

Sew beading or braid to the edge of the larger circle, cut ribbon or cord in half and thread through for drawstrings. Tie ends of each together. If rings are used, sew them to the edge, spacing them evenly. A casing may be made for drawstrings by sewing the lining to the outside, making a channel all around the edge. If this is done, the large circles should be cut an inch wider to allow for it.

A few beads or sequins, placed attractively, can do much to dress up the bag made to carry for formal parties. It would be unwise to spend a great deal of time doing this, as it may not add enough value to warrant the time and energy used.

When this pattern is enlarged and used for a sturdier bag, remember to use firmer cardboard for the bottom. When enlarging the circles, be sure they keep the proportions approximately the same. Pockets may be stitched in sizes to fit the purpose for which the bag is made.

Rings are better to hold the strings on larger bags, since the circle is too large to close with beading on the edge.

Bone and metal rings are available in drapery departments or at notion counters.

Where Is Johnny?

Frances C. Yost

ROSE Ella Higbee wished she knew contentment as did most of the pioneers in the Great Salt Lake Valley. True, she was glad to be at last settled in a warm log cabin in the promised land. Brigham Young had said "This is the place," and deep in her heart she knew it was. But she knew also that she would never know real contentment until she found Johnny. She walked over to the loom in her parents' home and started weaving more carpet.

"Goodness, Rose Ella," her mother said, "you've made enough carpet to cover a good sized sitting room, and you've raised your own flax and corded it and made it into nice tablecloths and scarfs and bed linen. When are you going to start using these things?"

Here it is again, Rose Ella thought. She smiled sweetly at her dear, tired mother, but her heart was not in her smile. "I'm waiting for a man, Mama."

"You could have Jens Larsen with the crook of your little finger. How many times has he begged for your hand in marriage, Rose Ella?"

"I don't remember, Mama, after the first half dozen proposals, I stopped counting."

"Rose Ella, I'll never understand you, turning down a good young man like Jens Larsen with all those fat cattle and hogs."

"I turned him down, Mama, because I want more than a home and possessions. He is selfish, look at the way he eats up your meager staples."

"If you would marry Jens, Rose Ella, why then perhaps he would share with his kin."

"Oh, Mama, marriage means more than food on the table. I just don't love Jens Larsen, and it wouldn't be fair to him. So let's not talk about him, Mama dear." Rose Ella smiled, then continued on with her weaving.

Mrs. Higbee sighed, and shook her head. "I wish, darling Rose Ella, that you would stop hoping your dream boy will come to you out of thin air."

"Please, Mama, let's not talk about that, either."

Rose Ella's fingers, like moths, flew at the weaving loom, and as the bright dyed rags worked their colors into the pattern, she gave her mind free rein. It traveled the rugged path of memory back to that last evening at Winter Quarters. . . .

* * * *

"THERE'S a dance in the bowery tonight, Ma. It's in honor of all of us who are leaving in the morning for the promised valley." Isaac Higbee had just come from the solemn assembly.

"Then we ought to go," Mrs. Higbee stated.

"Is the dance for young folks my age?" Rose Ella asked excitedly.

"Why I would think it would be," Mrs. Higbee stated. "You're seventeen, almost, practically a

grown lady. Rose Ella, wear your paisley dress, and come walk over to the bowery with Pa and me."

It was during the Circle All, that Rose Ella first saw Johnny. The first time around they just smiled at each other. The second time around they said, "hello." The third time around, quite by coincidence, the caller chose that moment to say: "Waltz Time." Johnny put his arm around Rose Ella's waist and they drifted over the packed hard ground of the bowery.

"What's your name?"

"Rose Ella, what's yours?"

"Johnny."

The caller then shouted: "Take your partners for a square dance!"

"You're my partner, Rose Ella," Johnny said.

Rose Ella listened to the deep musical voice of the dance caller.

"Say, where do you live here at Winter Quarters, Rose Ella?"

"Oh, we're all packed. We leave in the morning for the Great Salt Lake Valley. We're in the Hooper Company. Are you going to the Valley?"

"No, we'd like to go, but Pa has to stay on here at Winter Quarters. Brother Brigham Young asked him to stay. We're the millers."

The dance man shouted: "Choose a partner for the next square dance."

"I choose you, Rose Ella."

"But we're supposed to change partners, Johnny."

"But I don't want to. I want to dance all evening with you, Rose Ella."

There wasn't any time for conversation during the dancing, and all too soon it was ten o'clock.

"I'll walk you, Rose Ella, over to your wagon," Johnny stated. "I'll see you in the Valley someday, Rose Ella."

"Someday, Johnny." Then he planted a shy kiss on the back of Rose Ella's hand, and was gone into the night. . . .

* * * *

ROSE Ella, busy at the loom, fought a tear which wanted to break through. That wasn't much to bank her dreams on, she had to admit. One evening of dancing, and one goodnight kiss on the back of her hand, as they stood by the wagon tongue. But her dream of Johnny Miller was better than all the Jens Larsen men she had ever met, and if she had to spend the rest of her life living with Papa and Mama and weaving carpets for someone else's house, well she would do it, if she didn't find Johnny.

Whenever a company of Mormons arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley, Rose Ella tried to go meet them in the hopes that Johnny Miller would be among them. But somehow her search had always been in vain. Then one day quite by coincidence Rose Ella met President Brigham Young on the street in front of the Lion House.

"If it isn't little Rose Ella Higbee, and you're looking well, and how is Zion treating you?"

Rose Ella felt her heart flutter. To think President Brigham Young recognized her. Of course he knew Papa well, but she was so insignificant, and yet he had known her name, had spoken to her. She must find her tongue and remember the manners Mama had always taught her. "Why, I'm fine, President

Young . . . and yet. . . ." Her voice faltered.

"And yet what, my dear? Tell me your problems." He laughed softly, "Everyone else does."

"I'm looking for a Johnny Miller," Rose Ella stated shyly.

"*Johnny Miller.*" The great leader's eyes closed slightly as he pondered. Then, peering seriously into Rose Ella's eyes, he asked: "What's he done? Does he owe you money?"

"No, no, President Young. He's just a friend I knew at Winter Quarters."

There was a long pause, and Brigham Young stroked his chin in deep thought. "I'm sorry, Rose Ella, but I don't recall the name."

"Thanks anyway, President Young. Thank you so much. I'm sorry I have wasted your time."

"Why goodness, my dear, my time is everyone's time." The great leader gave her shoulder a fatherly pat and went into his office.

Rose Ella picked up her skirt, and hurried across Brigham Street. Now almost blinded by tears, she entered the Zion's Mercantile. She looked at the yardage on the shelves until she had control of herself enough to go home. She would tell Mama that she had been to the Z.C.M.I. to look at the yardage. But wild horses would never draw from her the fact that she had talked to President Brigham Young, and bothered him about a . . . a dream boy. . . .

ROSE Ella worked faster and faster at the loom. Her fingers, like moths, darted in and out, and the tears which fell on the multicolored carpeting did not show. At length Papa's steps could be heard at the door.

"What's wrong, Pa? Don't you feel well? You don't usually leave your work in the fields in the middle of the morning like this?" Mama's face registered concern. Rose Ella looked up from the loom to see if Papa were ill.

"Nothing's wrong, Ma. Fact is everything's running so smoothly, I thought I'd run the wheat over to the mill and get it ground into flour. I want to clean out the bin ready for another harvest, come fall."

"May we ride to the mill, Papa?" Prudence and little Isaac asked simultaneously.

"Well, now, little ones, I believe I took you the last time I went to the mill," Isaac Higbee said cheerfully. "I believe it's Mama's turn to take a ride."

"Isaac, take Rose Ella this time. Poor dear, she sits and weaves her life away. The ride will do her good, and the fresh air, and sunshine will bring some roses to her cheeks."

"Want to go Rose Ella? I won't be so long," Papa invited.

"Why, Papa, I would like to go, if mother can spare me."

Rose Ella brushed the wrinkles from her dress, then put on a dainty white collar and the new red sunbonnet she had just made. "I'm ready, Papa." Then, later, from the top of the buckboard she shouted, "Goodbye, Mama, Prudence, and little Isaac." Rose Ella waved at the little ones as they drove from the yard.

Spring had reached out her gentle fingers and touched the valley. Now willow trees in the canyon crevices of the mountains were a tender green, while the oak brush on the ridges chose a darker tinge. Rose

Ella, taking it all in, on this trip to the mill, knew why the pioneers enjoyed sweet contentment here.

"The air is so invigorating and the scenery is so beautiful, I've been wondering why I've never driven to the mill before with you, Papa?"

"You'll have to come more often, daughter," Isaac Higbee answered.

AT length they arrived at the mill, situated at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Rose Ella held the reins while her father went inside the mill to see about getting the wheat ground.

It's pretty here at the very foot of the mountains, and the sparkling water gurgles over the rocks, as it runs down the canyon, Rose Ella thought, then aloud, but softly to herself she said: "It would be fun to have a home built above a mill like this one. Why it would be sort of like the treetop playhouse I had back home in Vermont. I wonder why they have a house over the mill and a nice big log cabin, too?"

At length Papa came out of the mill, and a young man came to help him carry the wheat sacks inside to be ground. What was Papa saying?

"Rose Ella, I want you to meet John here. John, this is my oldest daughter, Rose Ella."

Rose Ella stared at the young man standing before her. He stared at her for a moment, then his face broke into a wonderful smile of recognition. "I believe we know each other, Mr. Higbee. Yes, I know Rose Ella very well."

He was reaching up to her now, and helping her down from the high wagon. "I've looked at every lady in the valley," Johnny said, "and I never could find you, Rose Ella. You see, I forgot to ask your last name that night at Winter Quarters."

"Johnny, I've been hunting for you, too. I went to President Young, but he didn't know a Johnny Miller, he said."

"Johnny Miller!" John looked bewildered.

"But you said . . ." Rose Ella began.

"I said, we're the millers. We are. We grind most of the flour for all the settlers, and make the cereal, but my name isn't Johnny Miller, it's John Weaver."

Suddenly they were laughing, good warm laughter that rewards the heart. Just then John's father came from the mill. "Show Miss Higbee around, John, I'll run this wheat through."

"I'll help," Isaac Higbee offered, then followed Mr. Weaver into the mill.

Then it was Johnny took Rose Ella up to the little apartment above the mill. "While I waited and watched for you, I built our little home, Rose Ella. I hope you like it. See there are cupboards and a pantry and everything."

Rose Ella was measuring the rooms with her eyes. Why she probably had enough carpet warp for the big sitting room floor already. The lovely braided rugs would be cozy in the bedroom, and the nicest one she would place right in front of the fireplace.

She had so much to tell Mama when she got home. Why she hadn't wasted a minute of her time weaving after all. It was well she knew how to weave so well if she were going to be Mrs. John Weaver.

Tom Elliott

YARN STITCHED BAG

Yarn Stitched Bag Made of Chair Webbing

Melba Larson

Materials Needed:

3⅔ yards chair webbing.
1 skein dark-colored yarn—black, brown, or green.
1 skein light-colored yarn—turquoise, pink, yellow, or red.

Step No. 1

Embroider three strips thirty-two inches long for the body of bag.
Embroider one strip twenty inches long for the handle of bag.
Embroider one strip fifteen inches long for the bottom of bag.

Step No. 2

Machine stitch the three thirty-two inch strips together.

STEP No. 3

Do yarn stitching to cover the machine stitching.

STEP No. 4

Sew the thirty-two inch strip ends together, to form body of bag.

STEP No. 5

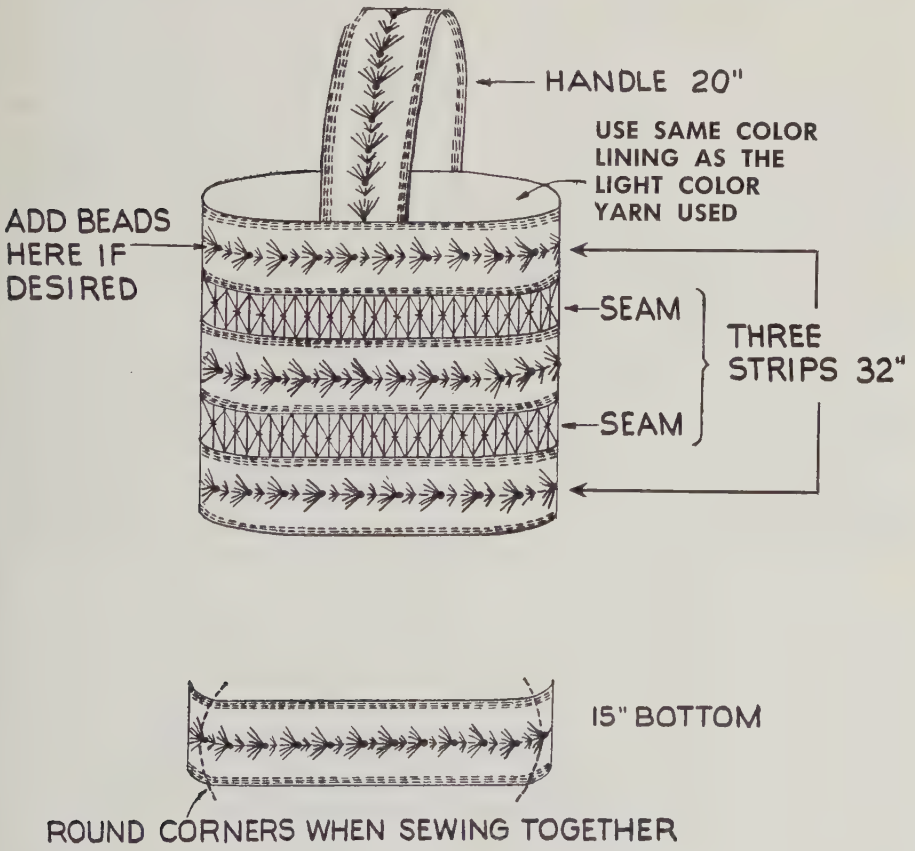
Sew on the twenty inch handle piece and fit in the fifteen-inch bottom piece.

STEP No. 6

Sew in lining. Use material to match the light shade of yarn used.

STEP No. 7

Sew on beads if desired.



Anna M. Jensen Begins Housekeeping — Again — at Eighty-Nine

ANNA M. Jensen of Cornish, Utah, two years ago, at the age of eighty-nine, decided that she would like to live alone in a home of her own and be her own housekeeper again. Several years ago Mrs. Jensen was so seriously ill that she was persuaded to give up housekeeping for herself and make her children happy by having their mother with them so that she might receive constant, loving care. However, as soon as she was well again, and young again, as she said, she went back to housekeeping for herself. Her Relief Society sisters in the ward had a "household shower" for Sister Jensen, and she invited her old friends to come to her home for the long-remembered treats of Danish cooking. She is shown in the picture at her "shower."

This was part of a pattern of independence established by Anna M. Jensen when she became a widow thirty-seven years ago. She supported herself and her family by weaving rugs and doing other types of handwork and housework. Many rugs were presented as gifts to the young people of the community, and her neighbors among the newlyweds could count on receiving one of Grandma Jensen's rugs.

Mrs. Jensen, once a counselor in the Relief Society in Copenhagen, Denmark, still attends her meetings regularly, and in her own life practices the charitable ways so dear to her heart. Three of her eight children are living; she is grandmother to fifteen and great-grandmother to twenty-two.

Testimony

Marvel Sharp Crookston

As ebb and flow of water on a beach,
My testimony strengthens or recedes
In rhythm to the way I live my life;
Directly in accordance with my deeds.

Orchids in the Snow

Chapter 3

Rosa Lee Lloyd

Synopsis: Sharon and Sam Wynter, newlyweds, on their way to Fairbanks, Alaska, meet Angus McFarland, a widower, on the plane, and when they arrive in Anchorage, they are introduced to his daughter Marie who has arrived from Fairbanks. The young couple also meet Susan Elge, from Bristol Bay in the Aleutian Islands, who has brought her husband Herman to Anchorage for an operation.

SAM unlocked the door of Marie McFarland's apartment, shoved the suitcases inside, then lifted Sharry in his strong arms.

"Over the threshold for you, little bride," he said gaily.

"Thank you, Mr. Wynter," she laughed. "I like a man who remembers tradition. And this is our first little home in Alaska!"

He put her down in the middle of the living room, kissing her tenderly. "Aren't we lucky to have this apartment to come to even if it is one room, bath, and kitchenette?" he asked. "The hotel room reserved for me was ten dollars a day for one person."

"Where did they think you'd park your wife?" Sharry asked, wide-eyed. "With the huskies?"

Sam shrugged.

"They did well to get a room anywhere, I guess. But I'm glad Marie insisted we use this apartment. It's only two blocks from the university."

Sharry looked up at him.

"The university is four miles west of Fairbanks, I found out. I'm learning fast, don't you think?"

"You're a smart girl," Sam said.

"I learned a lot about Fairbanks while I was waiting for you today," she went on. "One newspaper said this town is supported seventy-five per cent by military installations, twenty-five per cent by mining and the university and everything else!"

"Umm," Sam said, lifting an eyebrow.

"One magazine editor said that without the military, Fairbanks would fold up and silently steal away!"

"Very poetic," Sam chuckled indulgently. "And, no doubt, very true. But let's forget statistics and think about dinner. I'm a starving man, Mrs. Wynter."

"He also said," Sharry grinned impishly, "that Alaskans who need false teeth generally have to make a trip to Seattle."

He pulled a long face.

"That's serious," he said. "But we have our own teeth, so how about something to chew on?"

"Like a juicy steak," she suggested.

"At three dollars a pound!" He shook his head. "We'll walk over to that supermarket on the corner. Maybe they'll have something halfway reasonable."

Ten minutes later the prices in the market had Sharry and Sam holding their breath.

"Sam, am I seeing straight? Does that sign say eggs are one dollar a dozen?"

"Yes, one dollar a dozen. And milk thirty-four cents a quart. But

it's pasteurized. All milk up here must be pasteurized. No wonder McFarland said it is the cost of living that makes life in Alaska so different. But there's one advantage — my salary is three times as much as I could have made at home."

"We'll need it," Sharry said, reaching for a pound of butter. "I'll cream chipped beef with frozen peas and make some popovers. They're so good with honey. Where do they keep the honey?"

"Let's ask that clerk over there," Sam suggested, looking at a young fellow with a crew-cut. He was putting cans on a shelf.

"Honey?" The young fellow repeated with an amused smile. "You must be *Cheechakos?* That means *just arrived.*"

"That's right," Sam laughed. "We've just arrived from Utah."

THE clerk's face was a big smile.

"I'm Oscar Jensen," he said cordially. "My mother came from Utah thirty years ago. She's president of the branch Relief Society. Are you members of the Church? I know she'd love to meet you."

"Yes, we are. Oh, we do want to meet her," Sharry exclaimed, "real soon!"

"Give me your name and address," he said. "She'll call on you."

Sam wrote the address on his card and handed it to him. "How about that honey?" he asked.

"We don't have wild honey bees in Alaska," Oscar explained. "We import bees during the summer. They produce large crops of honey from our wild flowers. That's what's happening now at this season, but we won't have the honey ready for awhile. The bees die in the winter up here. We can import honey, of course, but we'd have to charge too much for it on account of freight. Ninety per cent of our food is brought in anyway."

"How about jam?" Sharry questioned. "Popovers are good with jam."

"Our wild currant and berry jam is really tops," Oscar said, walking toward another shelf. "Reasonable, too."

They put the jam in their basket and said goodbye to Oscar.

"Wasn't he friendly!" Sharry exclaimed as they walked back to the apartment. "We've made another friend. Shopping won't be a lonesome job now."

"The world is really a friendly place," Sam agreed.

Sharry looked up at the brilliant sky and the tall, forest-draped mountains looming in the distance.

"Six-thirty," she said. "And the sun is still shining like noontime. Won't it seem funny to have the sun shine all night."

"We'll get used to it," he answered. "A fellow I met today told me that even sunstroke is not unknown up there almost under the Arctic Circle. It gets awfully cold there in the winter, though—ten degrees colder than anywhere in the U.S.A. — even in Montana or the Dakotas. But there's plenty of coal here in Fairbanks, thank goodness. It comes from the Healy River fields west of here."

"But some parts of Alaska are mild," Sharry said. "I'd like to go to Ketchikan real soon. We could fly there for the week end. They have a wonderful bathing beach, and

in July the temperature is about fifty-six. Even in January it seldom gets colder than thirty-three above zero. Can we go next month, Sam?"

Sam looked at her, curiously. "Did you study the map today?" he asked.

"Well — no — not really," she admitted.

"Ketchikan is way down there almost to Canada, barely into Alaska. We're in the central part now. There are plenty of places around here for a week-end trip. Harding Lake, for instance."

Sharry's cheeks pinked up. "I just wanted to be interesting. I thought you'd want me to study about Alaska."

"I do, honey. Of course I do. I think it's great. But we can't take a long trip next month. We want to save for a home, don't we? It takes one third down on a home up here. Even a small ordinary home costs twice as much as homes outside. I want a nice home for you, darling. I know you've been used to lovely things. I'll work night and day to get them for you, but we can't take an airplane trip to Ketchikan next month. We have to find a place in which to live and get settled, and pay for that secondhand car we bought this afternoon. That takes money."

His chin squared off determinedly. Sharry knew he was right, but she still wanted to go to Ketchikan. How did you reconcile your heart to what your head knew was right? Sam was older and wiser than she was — and more saving, she thought grimly. This was really their honeymoon. Why couldn't they spend a little money for a good time? But Sam's chin had set in a stubborn line. She must not argue with him. She would kiss his scowl away.

AFTER Sam had left for the university the next morning, Sharry looked through the advertisements in the newspaper. The only house listed for rent was a three-story, twenty-room mansion on Edgeriver Drive for two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

The doorbell rang. Sharry put the paper down with a sigh.

A smiling, sweet-faced woman greeted her. "I'm Rachel Jensen, Oscar's mother," she said. "He told me you are newcomers here. So I hurried right over!"

"Oh, Sister Jensen, come right in. How nice of you to come so soon. We liked Oscar so much."

"He's a fine boy." Sister Jensen sat down in the comfortable chair Sharry offered her. "He goes to the university mornings and works in the store afternoons and evenings. The store stays open all night this time of year. People work night and day to catch up after the long winter."

"It's all so strange to me," Sharry told her. "After my husband left for work this morning, I felt so — all alone. Even homesick. I haven't been away from my mother before. She has always been near to help me and advise me."

Sharry hesitated. She was pouring out her heart's secrets to a stranger. And yet Sister Jensen didn't seem like a stranger. She had kind, understanding brown eyes and the most gentle voice Sharry had ever heard.

"I know, dear," she said, touching her hand. "Try to realize that your mother's love is always with

you. She is lonely for you, no doubt. I know how it is. When my daughter Betty was married last year and went way up to Nome to live, I had to realize that love and marriage were right for her. I had prayed for her happiness and when it came through a fine husband, I asked our Heavenly Father to make me strong enough to let her go joyfully into her new life. Write often to your family. You will find the miles between you melt away when a letter comes from them."

"I will, Sister Jensen," Sharry promised, "I'll write this very day!"

SHE picked up the morning paper, pointing to the advertisement for the big house.

"It's the only one in the paper," she said. "We have to get a place right away. But two hundred and fifty dollars a month is ridiculous!"

"That's the old Clairmont home," Sister Jensen explained. "It's one of the show places in our country. It was built right after the big gold rush up here in nineteen four. At that time it was the most beautiful house in Tanana Valley. Most of the Clairmonts have died. The place is now owned by a niece who lives in San Francisco. It doesn't sell because she wants too much money for it. It's too large and expensive for a family — the university should take it for a dormitory."

"We must find a place real soon," Sharry said again. "This is our friend's apartment — Marie McFarland."

"Yes, I know Marie," Sister Jensen said. "And we've met her daddy. She comes to church regularly when she's in town."

"She's such fun," Sharry said.

Sister Jensen looked at Sharry as though studying her.

"I've been wondering, dear. About a house, I mean. I do know of a place. . . ."

"You do!" Sharry's eyes were luminous. "How wonderful!"

"It's not what you think," she answered quickly. "It's not wonderful. But it could be fixed up until you build a house of your own. It's an old log cabin across the river from town. It belongs to us. We lived there until we built our new home about a block away. When my husband was living, he let our farm helpers live there in the summertime. I don't use it now. It's an old place — run down. . . ."

Her voice trailed off, almost apologetically.

Sharry felt a surge of tenderness for her kindly offer.

"I'd like to see it," she said. "I'll tell Sam about it when he comes home. We're expecting to get our secondhand car sometime today. So we'll drive over this evening."

"Anytime." Sister Jensen stood up. "But please don't expect too much, Sharry. I don't want you to be disappointed."

BUT Sharry was disappointed when she saw the cabin that evening.

"It does look awful, I know," Sister Jensen was saying as they walked from the long board-walled living room into the kitchen. Sharry's eyes blinked when she saw the old worn-out sink and the coal range. They looked like something out of a junk yard. The linoleum had huge, ragged bare spots.

Sam's eyes were going over every-

thing in his quiet, calculating way.

"It could be fixed up," he said.

Sharry gave him a startled glance. Sam was serious. He was really considering living in this place. She could tell by the look in his eyes.

"New linoleum won't cost very much," Sister Jensen suggested. "You can look through the wish-books and find lots of things cheaper."

"*Wish-books?*" Sharry questioned.

"Our mail-order catalogues," she explained. "We call them our wish-books. Women are always wishing for something new. They help us get what we need."

"We could calcimine these walls," Sam said. "Sharry likes color. She can have her choice of colors. There's a new sort of calcimine now that dries in a few hours."

Sharry pretended she didn't hear him. How could he consider living in this run-down old place? How *could* he!

And yet, looking at him now, as he went from room to room, sizing it up, she knew he was considering it.

"The floors in here could be oiled," Sister Jensen said as they went back into the living room. "That old lounge won't look half bad with a bright new cover. The chairs and table are old, but they're an interesting style. They could be lacquered."

The sun slanted through the windows, showing up the cracks in the old wooden floor.

How ridiculous to think of living here, Sharry thought. She would die of loneliness in a place like this. The memory of her beautiful gold and pink bedroom at home struck across her heart. She felt almost sick.

"The bedroom is small," Sister Jensen was saying. "But there is a good bathroom, with a shower. My husband was a contractor — he built many of the homes in Fairbanks. One thing he insisted on was good plumbing fixtures. Even this cabin has good plumbing. Of course, the water comes from a well down below. You must not drink the water as it tastes of vegetables. We all buy our drinking water."

Sam said, his eyes clear and steady with his engineer look: "The place is well built. I think it would be quite livable. We can get some sort of floor covering. Sharry is used to carpet. I want her to be comfortable."

SISTER Jensen smiled. "Forgive me if I give you too much advice — I am just eager to help you. I had thought my own daughter and her husband would live here for awhile — then he got this fine position in Nome. . . ." Her voice trailed off, wistfully.

"I was thinking about carpet," she went on, in a moment. "It's too expensive to use unless the house is a permanent home. Some of these new linoleums with scatter rugs would be comfortable and pretty. If you want to use the cabin until you build, you can have it for almost nothing — I would enjoy having you nearby."

Sharry couldn't breathe. She felt trapped and smothered. Sam was looking at her. What was the question in his eyes? What did he expect of her?

"It's up to my wife," he said to Sister Jensen. "I think we could do all right here until we buy a home. But I want Sharry to be contented. It's up to Sharry."

There was an ache in his voice. A yearning for something. Sharry bent her head, trying to swallow the sob in her throat. Her brother Kenny's teasing voice came back to her: "Sam is used to roughing it on long, hard engineering jobs. He's used to living in a trailer or a tent. He'll expect a real woman to make a home for him. And what'll he get? A doll baby!"

Slowly she lifted her head and met Sam's anxious eyes. Her heart reached out to him, loving him, wanting to be a good wife to him. She had to prove she could make a home for him even in this ramshackle old cabin.

"Let's take it, Sam," she heard herself saying. "I'll try, darling — to make it — lovely — for you."

(To be continued)

Solitude

Catherine B. Bowles

The silence of Cumorah's hill
Stole over the place, quiet and still.
Through the woodland I wandered alone
With trials, troubles, a cross of my own.

A tranquil spirit soothed my fears,
Calmed my heart and dried my tears.
Through nature's garden I walked unseen,
Feeling his presence, peaceful, serene.

Pioneer Woman

Christie Lund Coles

Into the too-small wagons, loaded deep,
(With things most precious from the young years spent
Acquiring treasures that the heart would keep)
She puts the most valued, those that are meant
To last a lifetime in an alien place . . .
Tokens, perhaps, to bring back memories
Of warmth and comfort, each familiar face
Left in a world of happiness and ease.

Across the miles she rides as stoically
As one born to the hardship and the tears,
Rather than to a mild gentility,
And loving assurance through her tender years.

Upon her lips she tastes the gray of dust,
Yet faces proudly everything she must.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Adele S. Willden

YAKIMA STAKE (WASHINGTON) FIRST FULLY ORGANIZED RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Left to right: Ruth Peabody, organist; LaVern Jackson, work meeting leader; Almira Ferrell, theology class leader; Barbara Blackhurst, Secretary; Leona Wood, First Counselor; Adele S. Willden, President; Ann Johnson, *Magazine* representative; Miriam Werner, social science class leader; Jean Christensen, literature class leader; Helen Allen, organist; (two members absent).

Sister Willden reports: "Yakima Stake was organized in May 1959, and the stake Relief Society shortly after. This is the first time that our board has been completely organized. Two members were absent when this picture was taken, because of illness, Arda Mae Kidman, Second Counselor, and Dora Ellis, visiting teacher message leader."

Photograph submitted by Lillie Cowley

MISSOULA STAKE (MONTANA) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION March 24, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Rosalyn J. Feild, Secretary-Treasurer; Lillie Cowley, President; Carrie L. Maughan; Thelma Browning, First Counselor; Eula Foust, Second Counselor.

Second row, standing, left to right: Bernice Allred; Sara Dilworth; Evelyn Follett; Alice Loving; Yvonne Gunn; Florence Vargo; Claire Farley; Jane Colman; Alene Crist; Pheobe Wells.

Sister Cowley reports: "Sister Carrie L. Maughan (center front) of St. Ignatius Ward, was honored as a visiting teacher. Sister Maughan had 100 per cent visiting teaching, 100 per cent attendance at sacrament meetings and visiting teacher meetings, and ninety six per cent attendance at Relief Society meetings, having missed only one meeting during the year. Sister Maughan is president of the St. Ignatius Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Pearl R. Haddock

CACHE STAKE (UTAH), SIXTEENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MARCH 1960 SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM

Front row, left to right: Peggy Lindquist, accompanist; Ardith Carlson; Gloria Cook; Eleanor Hale; Dora Hayward; Leah Carlson; Ruth Peck; Lillian Morrell; Barbara Gilgen; Dora Larsen; Leona Williams; Oretta Tate; Vivian Harris; Ann Davenport; Hazel Mattson, director.

Back row, left to right: Elizabeth Nish; Joyce Roundy; Lila Anderson; Sharleen Poppleton; Marilyn Lundstrum; Rhoda Humphreys; Hannah Rosine; Minnie Jones;

Melpha Squires, Counselor; Etheleen Hall; Arleen Gill; Peggy Coburn; Joyce Niederhauser; Afton Stuart; Leona Sorenson.

Pear R. Haddock, President, Cache Stake Relief Society, reports: "This group of Singing Mothers has been very active in ward activities. Their lovely music has been heard at November and March Sunday evening meetings, at funerals, stake Relief Society leadership meetings, and other Church meetings. The officers of the Sixteenth Ward Relief Society are: Mabel Quayle, President; Melpha Squires, First Counselor; Ann Green, Second Counselor."

Photograph submitted by Inez L. Pendlebury

SOUTH BLACKFOOT STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, March 30, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Margaret Monson, who has served as a visiting teacher for sixty-one years; Carrie Larson, fifty-seven years; Afton Norman, forty-eight years; Mary Lim, thirty-five years; Myrtle Spencer, thirty-four years.

Back row, standing, left to right: Hortense Stander, twenty-five years; Elder Seth W. Brown, High Council representative; Cassie Brown, thirty-six years; Inez S. Pendlebury, President, South Blackfoot Stake Relief Society; Elder Lawrence T. Lambert, President, South Blackfoot Stake; Elizabeth Olson, who has served as a visiting teacher for thirty-two years.

(Not in the picture was Sister Mary Watt, who was seriously ill, and who passed away the next day.)

Sister Pendlebury reports: "The visiting teacher from each ward, who is still active, with the longest record of service, was honored with a gift presented by Abbie Godfrey, stake visiting teacher message leader.

"Included in the convention program was the film 'Unto the Least of These,' which was truly an inspiration to our visiting teachers. It was a source of much encouragement and enlightenment to them, and we have had many favorable comments about it. Our stake Priesthood authorities, President Lambert and Elder Brown, gave very fine talks, and the music was furnished by the Singing Mothers from Blackfoot Third and Riverside Wards. The number sung by Blackfoot Third Ward was entitled 'The Visiting Teacher's Song,' the words of which were written by Marie M. Anderson, daughter of Teresa Manwaring, director of the chorus. Following the program, a social hour was enjoyed, with refreshments served by the stake board."

Photograph submitted by Rella B. White

FRESNO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Marguerite S. Davis, First Counselor; Viorene E. Wardle, Second Counselor; Martha B. Richards, former president.

Leida Anderson, chorister, stands second from the right on the second row, and Mary Thompson, organist, stands first from the right on the second row.

At this conference Sister Richards was released. The new Fresno Stake Relief Society President, Rella B. White, stands second from the right on the front row.

Fifteen wards and branches of Fresno Stake are represented in the Singing Mothers chorus. They sang at two stake conferences in 1959 and one stake conference in 1960. At the last stake conference they sang "Peace I Leave With Thee" and "My Redeemer Lives."

Photograph submitted by Ruth Witty

REDONDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS AND HONORED GUESTS AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, January 29, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Ruth Witty, President, Redondo Stake Relief Society; Laura Birch, honored guest, from Hermosa Beach Ward, the oldest visiting teacher, eighty-three years old; Susannah Carr, honored guest, from Hermosa Beach Ward, who has served for the longest period of time as visiting teacher, sixty-two years; Pauline Sessions, organist, Redondo Stake; LaDeane Cobabe, chorister, Redondo Stake.

Sister Witty reports that all the visiting teachers of the stake, their husbands, and special Priesthood officials were invited to this convention. "The Singing Mothers sang two numbers: 'When Mothers Sing' and 'If Christ Came Back.' The film 'Unto the Least of These' was shown, and was especially dear to us, as there were a number

of Singing Mothers from our stake who participated in the film. Priesthood guests were very impressed by the film. Dora Carlson (not shown in the picture) from Redondo Second Ward, had the most consecutive years of 100 per cent visiting teaching, thirty-seven years."

Photograph submitted by Lenore C. Gunderson

VALLEY VIEW STAKE (UTAH), VALLEY VIEW FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS PAGEANT "THE GOLDEN YEARS," March 17, 1960

Standing, left to right: Elaine Franklin as Emma Hale Smith; Alberta Hintz as Eliza R. Snow; Norma Searle as Zina D. H. Young; Vera Fisher as Bathsheba W. Smith; Sue Strong as Emmeline B. Wells; Alice Rudd as Clarissa S. Williams; Agnes Murdock as Louise Y. Robison; Velma Holladay as Amy Brown Lyman.

Seated at the table: Ruby Huntington as Belle S. Spafford.

Lenore C. Gunderson, President, Valley View Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Valley View Fifth Ward presented a pageant entitled 'The Golden Years,' March 17, 1960, in Relief Society meeting. It depicted the first Relief Society, organized 118 years ago by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Members of Relief Society portrayed the eight former presidents and President Spafford and gave interesting and spiritual aspects of their lives. A choral group composed of Relief Society sisters spoke scripture readings. Special musical numbers were presented. The pageant was narrated to background music and showed the growth of Relief Society from eighteen noble, God-fearing women to over 200,000 strong. It portrayed the 'Golden Years' of this society —golden in love, trust, faith, and harmony, all working together for one cause, a human cause, and from it all has come the greatest women's organization in the world today, of which every member of this society owns a share. The pageant was written and narrated by Wylene Fotheringham."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 25—A Promise Fulfilled

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 41; 42:1-17)

For Tuesday, October 4, 1960

Objective: To understand that the law of the Lord is to be taught with faith and by the Spirit.

The Prophet and Kirtland, Ohio

FROM our history of the Church and other sources, we learn of events in the Ohio valley to which the saints had been instructed to gather. From Section 38 we learned that when the saints gathered to the Ohio, they would receive the law of the Lord. With the great increase in Church membership in that area, it is clear that many problems would arise. This condition would make necessary the presence of the Prophet Joseph Smith to direct the activities of the growing kingdom of God.

The Prophet's first visit to Kirtland brought forth an event which is an example of the seeric powers possessed by Joseph Smith. Briefly, it is recorded that in company with his wife Emma, Sidney Rigdon, and Edward Partridge (the latter two having been converted as a result of the Lamanite mission, see Lesson 22, *Relief Society Magazine*, December 1959, pp. 839-841), the Prophet walked into the store operated by Whitney and Gilbert. He approached Newel K. Whitney and said: ". . . Newel K. Whitney! Thou art the man!" . . . whereupon, Mr. Whitney replied: ". . . You have the advantage of me. . . . I could not call you by name as you have me. . . ." The Prophet then said, ". . . I am Joseph the Prophet. . . . You've prayed me here, now what do you want of me?" (See *D. H. C.* I:146.)

An indication of how the Lord prepared the way of the first missionaries into the Ohio valley and the visit of the Prophet later is told in the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney. As members of the Campbellite faith, they desired to know how they might obtain the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"One night," says Mother Whitney, "it was midnight — my husband and I were in our house at Kirtland, praying to the Father to be shown the way when the Spirit rested upon us and a cloud over-

shadowed the house. It was as though we were out of doors. The house passed away from our vision. We were not conscious of anything but the presence of the spirit and the cloud that was over us. We were wrapped in the cloud. A solemn awe pervaded us. We saw the cloud and felt the Spirit of the Lord. Then we heard a voice out of the cloud saying, 'Prepare to receive the word of the Lord, for it is coming.' At this we marveled greatly, but from that moment we knew that the word of the Lord was coming to Kirtland" (Jenson, Andrew: *L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia* 1:223).

Conditions in Kirtland

The Prophet learned when he arrived in Kirtland that some very strange things had been developing in that branch of the Church. Let us keep in mind that the members there, all recent converts, had been associated with other churches, consequently theological ideas and practices were understood by them differently. In the words of Elder George A. Smith, it is reported that ". . . a society that had undertaken to have a community of property . . ." and had been called ". . . the Morley family . . ." being ". . . located on a farm owned by Captain Isaac Morley . . . had not yet been instructed in relation to their duties. . . ." These members developed some ". . . extravagant and wild ideas. . . ." The Prophet Joseph Smith taught the people the true order of the Church which resulted in the apostasy of some members who continued to be deceived. Among these was Wycom Clark, who ". . . got a revelation that he was to be the prophet — that he was the true revelator . . ." and with a few others organized the "Pure Church of Christ." (See *Journal of Discourses* 11:3-4.)

Section 41

A knowledge of these conditions helps us to understand the following verses which introduce this section, the first revelations received in Kirtland:

> Hearken and hear, O ye my people, saith the Lord and your God, ye whom I delight to bless with the greatest of all blessings, ye that hear me; and ye that hear me not will I curse, that have professed my name, with the heaviest of all cursings.
>
> Hearken, O ye elders of my church whom I have called, behold I give unto you a commandment, that ye shall assemble yourselves together to agree upon my word;
>
> And by the prayer of your faith ye shall receive my law, that ye may know how to govern my church and have all things right before me (D & C 41:1-3).

Notice the emphasis put upon the law of common consent; namely, that the brethren were to ". . . assemble . . . together to agree upon my word." As they came together for this purpose they were to meet ". . . by the prayer of your faith . . ." in order to be prepared for the law which had been promised earlier. (See Section 38:32.) It was only a few days later that this promise was fulfilled when the Lord gave Section 42, which is known as "The Law of the Church."

In continuation of preparation for this event, the saints are advised that:

> He that receiveth my law and doeth it, the same is my disciple; and he that saith he receiveth it and doeth it not, the same is not my disciple, and shall be cast out from among you;
>
> For it is not meet that the things which belong to the children of the kingdom should be given to them that are

not worthy, or to dogs, or the pearls to be cast before swine (D & C 41:5-6).

These words bring out clearly who is the true disciple of the Lord. He who professes to believe and be the follower of the Christ is deceiving himself and also those who follow him when there is nonacceptance of what the Lord reveals as his law. There were members of the Church in Kirtland who considered themselves true disciples, as there have been since the days of Joseph Smith. Unless members continue to obey the law of the Lord, they are not disciples, and a judgment awaits them. (See John 8:31-32; Mt. 7:21-23.) On the other hand, the promise is given that the Spirit will be with the true believer. (See Ether 4:10-12.)

With the growth of the kingdom, the Lord called Edward Partridge to be the first bishop in this dispensation. In this call by revelation, there are established the important steps in all calls to service in the Church. This procedure is: first, the call by the authorized servant of the Lord; second, appointment "by the voice of the Church"; and third, ordination by those in authority. As pointed out in a former lesson, these three steps also constitute a key against the claims of those who seek to deceive Latter-day Saints. (See Lesson 18, *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1959, page 546.)

Bishop Partridge was to devote his entire time to the office of bishop. His work as bishop was to be confined to those things ". . . as it shall be appointed unto him in my [the Lord's] laws in the day that I shall give them" (D & C 41:10). This thought is important to remember: when one receives an office in the Church, he is to function only within the calling he has received. Compliance with this important principle maintains order in the kingdom and prevents disharmony, regret, and, in some cases, even apostasy.

In closing this revelation, the members of the Church are informed of the necessity to obey the words given; otherwise, they will be answered upon their souls in the day of judgment. (See D & C 41:12.) President Brigham Young had this to say about such a situation:

> Those who do not profess to know anything of the Lord are far better off than we are, unless we live our religion, for we who know our Master's will and do it not, will be beaten with many stripes; while they who do not know the Master's will and do it not will be beaten with few stripes. This is perfectly reasonable (*Journal of Discourses* 16:111).

The Promised Law (Section 42)

Including this and the next four lessons, there is an opportunity to examine the important teachings of the law of the Church. Although there are different ways that this revelation might be divided, it seems that this division is a practical one: the law of propaganda (preaching the gospel) (D & C 42:4-17); the law of moral conduct (D & C 42:18-29); the law of consecration (D & C 42:30-42); the law of administration to the sick (D & C 42:43-52); the law of sundry duties (D & C 42:53-69); the law of remuneration of services (D & C 42:70-73); and the law concerning transgressors (D & C 42:74-93).

Introduction to the Law

The Church is told to hearken obediently to the instructions given

in this revelation (D & C 42:1-4). The twelve elders in whose presence this revelation was given, are to go forth to teach the gospel by the power of the Spirit. The preaching or dissemination of the gospel may be called the law of preaching the gospel.

The Law of Preaching the Gospel

Missionaries of the Church are to travel "two by two." The reasons for doing this are apparent when one considers that the testimony of two or three witnesses is the Lord's way of making known his marvelous work. There is also protection, both moral and physical, afforded the missionaries against those who would seek to do them harm.

In the sixth verse of this revelation, the elders are told that they are to declare ". . . my word like unto angels of God" (D & C 42:6). In this same year of 1831, the Lord reminded the elders that:

> And now, verily saith the Lord, that these things might be known among you, O inhabitants of the earth, I have sent forth mine angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel, who hath appeared unto some and hath committed it unto man, who shall appear unto many that dwell on the earth.
>
> And this gospel shall be preached unto every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.
>
> *And the servants of God shall go forth,* saying with a loud voice: Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come;
>
> And worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters (D & C 133:36-39).

When one compares these verses with what was proclaimed by the apostle John in foretelling the restoration of the gospel by an angel (See Revelation 14:6-7), the part *italicized* by the writer suggests that the divinely commissioned missionaries are to carry the angel's message to the world. This message becomes more meaningful when it is understood that when the elders speak by the Holy Ghost they are speaking with the "tongue of angels." (Cf. 2 Nephi 32:2-3; 31:11-14.)

Ordination Necessary

In order to preach the gospel and officiate in the ordinances thereof, the person must be ordained by one having the proper authority, "and it is known to the church that he has authority" (D & C 42:11). Those who go forth representing the Lord are to teach the principles of the gospel as contained in the books of scripture available at that time—the Bible and The Book of Mormon. Later, The Doctrine and Covenants and The Pearl of Great Price came into existence as books of scripture. Experience has shown that the Bible and The Book of Mormon are better adapted for missionary use. Occasionally the Lord has pointed out that the world is to receive the milk of the gospel first and later the stronger teachings which have been compared to meat. (See D & C 19:22.) Again, there is suggested that The Book of Mormon contains the ". . . fulness of the gospel." The meaning of this expression is simply that it implies (a) sufficient knowledge for salvation, and (b) the necessity of the Priesthood. (See Lesson 13, *Relief Society Magazine*, November 1958, page 760.)

The missionaries are not only to proclaim the gospel from these books of scripture, but they are to observe the ". . . covenants and church articles to do them . . ." (D & C 42:13). By this it is meant that other sources of truth, as contained in later revelations through prophets, are to be practiced as well as taught. The teaching by the missionary is to be done under the influence of the Spirit (D & C 42:13). If this is done, there will be given sufficient to influence the investigator, and the missionary will not be led astray in what he teaches.

The Prayer of Faith

There follows in this revelation the statement of a great truth for both the set apart missionary as well as the teacher in the auxiliary organizations of the Church.

> And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith; and if ye receive not the Spirit ye shall not teach (D & C 42:14).

In The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, where so many members have an opportunity to teach the gospel, there seems to be reason for knowledge of and emphasis upon this truth.

To receive any blessings from the Lord the necessity of exercising faith in the Lord is a truism. The Prophet Joseph Smith learned this as a lad when he read the words of James that if one lacked wisdom, he was to ask of God. "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed" (James 1:6). The faith required is that of full trust in the Lord, recognizing from the depths of one's soul that the desired result will follow.

Prayers for divine assistance sometimes are words expressed in prayer language, but they lack the faith intended in the expression "prayer of faith," which we are admonished will bring the blessings of the Lord. An example of this contrast is found in the case of the Zoramites in The Book of Mormon. Their set prayer was meaningless because it was uttered to gain the favor of men and for religious ritual only. (See Alma 31:15-22, 34-38.)

Some of the essentials in obtaining the "prayer of faith" and to receive the influence of the Holy Ghost were given by President Brigham Young, as follows:

> Let us be humble, fervent, submissive, yielding ourselves to the will of the Lord, and there is no danger but that we shall have His Spirit to guide us (*Journal of Discourses* 13:155).

But what is there to say about the growth of faith necessary for one who wants to exercise the "prayer of faith"? Alma spoke of the need to ". . . arouse your faculties, even to an experiment . . . and exercise a particle of faith, yea, even if ye can no more than desire to believe, let this desire work in you, even until ye believe . . ." (Alma 32:27).

But what if the individual does not feel the need to pray at a given time for the assistance of the Lord? The following gleanings from President Brigham Young are pertinent to obtaining the spirit of prayer:

> It matters not whether you or I feel like praying, when the time comes to pray, pray. If we do not feel like it, we should pray till we do. . . . You will find that

those who wait till the Spirit bids them pray, will never pray much on this earth (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 44).

Receive the Spirit

Every member of this Church may have the privilege of enjoying the Holy Ghost, which is the Spirit referred to in the admonition before us (D & C 42:14). The Spirit will be received to the degree that the member of the Church is diligently seeking to keep the commandments of the Lord. Worthiness of life, coupled with prayer and faith, will bring forth the Spirit. (See D & C 63:64.)

The Spirit and Teaching

Why should a person have the Spirit of the Lord to teach, as admonished in our text? (See D & C 42:14.) The Lord has specifically informed us that we are to have his Spirit. Fundamentally, the person having that Spirit will be able to distinguish between the truth and error. Is not the Holy Ghost the giver of truth? (See John 14:15-17.) To some of the missionaries of this dispensation, a reminder was given that they should preach by the Spirit of truth:

> Verily I say unto you, he that is ordained of me and sent forth to preach the word of truth by the Comforter, in the Spirit of truth, doth he preach it by the Spirit of truth or some other way?
>
> And if it be by some other way it is not of God (D & C 50:17-18).

To those who receive the word of truth, is it received by that same Spirit—truth, or in some other way, Spirit—truth, or in some other way? these missionaries (D & C 50:19). If the teacher and the hearer receive the Lord's word under the influence of his Spirit both are enlightened and rejoice together (D & C 50:22).

But what if the member of the Church, as a teacher in an auxiliary organization or in the capacity of the member who tells others, members or nonmembers, of the gospel, does not feel adequately prepared of the Spirit? Certainly, no one may have all of the knowledge necessary, nor the fulness of the Spirit to accomplish the call at hand.

This feeling of inadequacy may also be present among many who are called to preach the gospel as missionaries. In a revelation given to two missionaries, there is found this encouraging word: ". . . declare the things which ye have heard, and verily believe, and know to be true" (D & C 80:4). However, those who do have the responsibility of teaching are under the definite obligation to prepare themselves in knowledge and also to have the Holy Ghost.

Source of Knowledge

The law of preaching the gospel is concluded with these words:

> And all this ye shall observe to do as I have commanded concerning your teaching, until the fulness of my scriptures is given.
>
> And as ye shall lift up your voices by the Comforter, ye shall speak and prophesy as seemeth me good;
>
> For, behold, the Comforter knoweth all things, and beareth record of the Father and of the Son (D & C 42:15-17).

Although the Lord had not yet made known many important principles and ordinances of the gospel by the year 1831, this was not to

prevent the missionaries from preaching the gospel. They were to go on their missions relying upon the Holy Ghost for guidance. More revelation was forthcoming that the Lord's representatives might also more effectively teach the plan of salvation. The *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary* (page 238) gives an example of the way in which the Spirit directed some of the early brethren in their activities. President George Q. Cannon said:

I remember hearing related Brother Parley P. Pratt's first interview with the Saints at Fayette, Seneca County, where the Church was organized. . . . On that occasion he was called upon to speak; the Prophet Joseph was not present at the time. He brought forth from the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and other prophets, abundant proofs concerning the work which the Lord had established through His servant Joseph. A great many of the Latter-day Saints were surprised that there were so many evidences existing in the Bible concerning this work. The Church had then been organized some five months, but the members had never heard from any of the Elders these proofs and evidences which existed in the Bible (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 238-39).

Questions for Discussion

1. Give some examples of how the Lord prepared for the Prophet's visit to Kirtland, Ohio.
2. What do you consider to be the most important messages from Section 41?
3. What is meant by the "prayer of faith" or what do you understand the "prayer of faith" to mean?
4. Discuss: The Spirit of the Lord is necessary to teach the gospel effectively.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 25—"If Thou Lovest Me Thou Shalt Serve Me and Keep All My Commandments" (D & C 42:29)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, October 4, 1960

Objective: To emphasize the fact that we serve the Lord, others, and ourselves best only when we keep *all* the commandments.

ONE of the basic facts of human behavior is that if we truly love someone we will do everything possible to please him and to conform our lives to his wishes. If this is true in our attitudes towards each other, how much more it should apply in our relationships with our Father in heaven. This fact is emphasized in The Doctrine and Covenants quotation, "If thou lovest me thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments" (D & C 42:29). If we truly love the lord we will serve him and do all that he requires of us. We will live his commandments and by so doing merit his love and earn for ourselves eternal joy.

In order to do all that God requires of us we must, of course, know and understand his commandments. Since man was first placed upon the earth, the Lord has given

him commandments, either directly or through his prophets. These commandments are contained in the scriptures. If we will search the scriptures, as Jesus has instructed us, we will know the Lord's will.

The Lord's commandments are given to us as guides to abundant and joyful living, not only in this life but in the world to come. Contrary to what some people believe, these commandments are not restraining orders which are laid down to restrict our lives, rather, they are principles upon which fruitful, happy lives may be built.

In explaining the reasons why he made the motion picture, "The Ten Commandments," Cecil B. DeMille once said, "The Ten Commandments are not rules to obey as a personal favor to God. They are the fundamental principles without which mankind cannot live together" (*Instructor*, August 1957, page 231).

The Doctrine and Covenants' quotation emphasizes the fact that to lay the foundation for an effective life we must keep *all* of the Lord's commandments. This means that we do not have the privilege to choose only those that appeal to us.

This fact was beautifully dramatized by the Savior when he answered the rich young man who inquired of him what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus replied:

> Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honour thy father and mother.
>
> And he answered and said unto him, Master, all these have I observed from my youth.
>
> Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me.
>
> And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions (Mark 10:19-22).

The scriptures do not complete the story and tell us what happened to this young man who did not have the courage to live *all* of God's commandments. We can be sure, however, that had he possessed the strength to follow Jesus, he would have had treasures in heaven and would have been greatly blessed.

Even the strongest of us, at times, may find ourselves thinking that it is difficult to obey certain of the Lord's commandments. When we encounter these difficulties, we can take comfort in the fact that the Lord does not ask anything of us without preparing the way for us to do that which he requires. This fact was expressed by The Book of Mormon prophet Nephi, when he said:

> . . . I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them (1 Nephi 3:7).

If we will hold fast to this conviction, we will always have the courage and the strength to do whatever the Lord asks us to do.

When we keep the Lord's commandments we truly serve him. Furthermore, as recorded by the beloved apostle John:

> He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him (John 14:21).

Work Meeting—Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson I — Safeguarding the Health of Your Family

Maria Johnson

For Tuesday, October 11, 1960

Objective: To help each one to become more alert to the need for applying simple, well-established principles for the prevention of disease and for safeguarding the health of the family.

New Frontiers of Health

Just as we are learning more of nature's laws in the exploration of outer space, so we are discovering more of nature's laws for the development and health of man. As the frontiers of health expand, these new and exciting discoveries bring new challenges. What we need to stress today, our health authorities tell us, is the application of the health knowledge we already have. Knowledge does not insure health. It is how we apply this knowledge that counts.

Sanitation is important. It began with the disposal of body wastes and filth, and then with providing safe water supplies. With the invention of the microscope, man found that he was surrounded by living organisms so small they could not be seen with the naked eye. Many of them were found to be our friends; others, our enemies and responsible for communicable or catching diseases and infections. The next great discovery was immunization. Programs of sanitation and immunization have made remarkable achievement since the turn of the century and make possible the control of all but a very few of our communicable diseases. If these programs were done away with, epidemics of all these diseases would soon reappear.

Modern public health agencies are carrying on immunization programs and a never-ending battle against the spread of disease-producing germs. The programs have to do with safe drinking water, safe milk supplies, garbage and sewage disposal, inspection of meat and public eating places, and insect and rodent control, to name but a few. The effectiveness of these programs depends upon the understanding and co-operation of the citizens of each State and community. Failure to support these programs comes not from lack of knowledge, but lack of a feeling of one's personal responsibility. Even today, with all our knowledge, much unnecessary sickness exists.

Accidents in the home are also the cause of many preventable disabilities. Most of these accidents would not happen if each home applied the safety rules such as were discussed in the safety lessons presented in Relief Society last year.

Seeking Medical Advice Early

Again, much serious illness could be prevented by seeking medical advice early when symptoms first appear. Much suffering could be alleviated if such diseases as cancer, tuberculosis, and diabetes were brought under early treatment. The repair of your body, as that of your car, needs to be made when the trouble starts rather than after it has broken down. Here we need a

word of caution — don't become a hypochondriac, one who has a morbid and fanciful anxiety over one's health; neither become a faddist or a fanatic.

These safeguards to health: sanitation, immunization, safety measures, and early medical advice are first lines of defense. They are old frontiers of health that have been crossed as far as knowledge is concerned, and will never lose their importance. But application is still a problem.

New Concept of Health

Today new frontiers of health are being explored. Our concept of health has widened. It is no longer merely the absence of disease and infirmity but a high level of health with complete physical, mental, and social well-being. In other words, health with vitality, energy, emotional stability, zest, and enthusiasm for life.

High on the list of health problems being studied in our research laboratories are mental illness, the need for emotional health, viruses, degenerative diseases, and senility. The intensive study of viruses had to wait for the invention of the electronic microscope. Today many discoveries pertaining to the treatment of virus diseases are encouraging.

Perhaps the most challenging and exciting discoveries are being made in the field of mental illness and in the part the emotions play in the health of every individual. Here, as in other fields, it is not enough to learn of our emotional needs. We must also put into practice wholesome emotional habits. Emotional health is our safeguard against mental illness and the key to optimum health. The emotions, such as worry, fear, anger, or hatred may be as injurious to the normal functioning of our vital organs as are bacteria (disease germs). Physical needs are tangible things that we can usually see and understand. Emotions, on the other hand, are feelings, *not things*. They are hidden and complicated, hard to recognize, and still harder to understand.

We are living in a scientific age but living is more than a science; it is an art. Good mental health has been defined as a state of harmony that an individual achieves with himself and his environment which includes both other people and one's surroundings. Health research has discovered that it is not, usually, because people are overworked that they break, but because the mental and emotional stresses of modern life are too much for them. The difference in stresses of life that come to each of us as individuals is not so important; it is the way we meet them that counts. Life without emotions and tensions would be dull indeed; still, for health and happiness we need to strive for emotional maturity. This has been defined as the ability to react to life situations in ways that are beneficial rather than with emotional stress. Maturity is developed through study and practice.

The body and mind work together. Whatever affects the one affects the other. Doctors have found that more than half of the persons who visit their family physician for treatment of a physical ailment suffer emotional difficulties which often explain their physical symptoms. The pain or disturb-

ance from an emotional illness must be found. One must first recognize that he is emotionally disturbed and then try to decide why. This is not easy and many need medical advice. It helps to think of something else, play the piano, sing, scrub a floor, clean the cupboards, straighten and organize a closet; do anything that will help you forget, for the time, the thing that is disturbing you.

No matter how conscientiously one may strive to protect the health of himself and family, sickness sooner or later enters the home. A member of the family has to take care of the patient. Have you not wondered why doctors and nurses do not hesitate to care for patients, especially those having communicable diseases? Just remember that it is the application of health knowledge that counts. As has been pointed out, scientific research has discovered most of the health problems connected with the spread of communicable diseases. You will find that the doctors and the nurses are making use of this knowledge. They depend chiefly upon immunization and such sanitary measures as disposal of wastes and effective hand washing. Let's consider how we can apply these two very practical sanitary measures in our homes.

Safe Disposal of Waste Material

Waste material, such as dressings or cotton swabs from the sick room, and that from a cough or sneeze or nasal discharge, may carry infection and should be disposed of safely and with as little handling as possible. A paper bag makes an ideal container as it can be burned or disposed of without handling the soiled materials it contains. Any paper bag will do. A good one can be made from newspaper.

To make a paper bag:

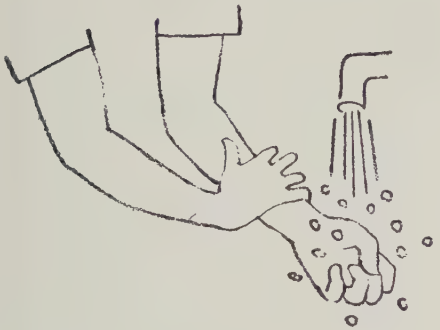
1. Place a folded newspaper sheet so that the fold is toward you.
2. Grasp the upper sheet of paper at the top and bring it down to the center fold. Crease to form cuff.
3. Turn the paper over. Keep the fold toward you while making the bag.
4. Fold the entire paper in thirds from the sides and crease firmly.
5. Tuck the one side under the cuff of the other side to hold the bag in shape.
6. Fold the top part of the paper down over the cuff.
7. The opening of the bag will be on the side that is down, so turn the bag over and put your hand in the opening. Shape the bag and stand it up or fasten it on the side of the bed.

The Over-All Apron

When caring for the sick, an over-all apron is an added protection for the family and attendant. It is a must if the disease is catching and is desirable in any situation. Always leave the apron in the patient's room. Do not wear it for other housework or cooking. When removing the apron, first wash your hands, then untie or unfasten the gown, try to keep your hands away from the contaminated side and hang it up with the contaminated side out. Keep the clean side, the one next to your dress as clean as possible. Wash your hands again.

Effective Hand Washing

Among the greatest protectors against infection is our skin. Few disease germs attack the skin, but untold numbers are always waiting for a chance to enter the body through the body openings or breaks in the skin. Our hands are the greatest offenders in carrying disease germs to our mouths, so hand washing is considered an important line of defense in protecting the



patient, the family, and one caring for the sick from harmful disease organisms.

Here are a few important rules to remember about our hands:

1. Keep your hands away from your face.
2. Keep pencils, or other objects out of your mouth.
3. Always wash the hands before eating.
4. Wash hands before preparing a meal or handling food.
5. Wash the hands after going to the toilet.
6. Wash the hands before and after giving nursing care.
7. Do not put the stopper in the hand basin.
8. Wash your hands under *running* water.
9. If tap water is not available water may be poured from a pitcher.

Remember to:

Make a good lather.
Take time to rub well between fingers and around nails.
Wash under running water.
Repeat the soaping when necessary.
Rinse well and dry well.

NOTE: The presence of germs should not be the only reason used in teaching the child how and when to wash his hands. The child need not know the reason. He is taught this as a part of the family pattern; everyone does it.

References

Red Cross Home Nursing, page 137.
"Home Care of the Sick," U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Public Health Service, Health Information Series, No. 21. For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, United States Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 5c each and $2.50 per hundred.

The Sunflowers

Eva M. Bird

All faces east in the morning,
To follow the course of the sun.
All faces west in the evening,
To tell us that day is done.

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 17—Expanding Horizons

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 161-192)

For Tuesday, October 18, 1960

Objective: To outline how new and complex relationships within the new Nation expressed themselves through its literature.

FROM the times of John Smith through Jefferson, feelings of hope and fear and hatred and faith continued to accumulate with mounting acceleration and density until the crescendo became fury. Armed conflict with oppressive fellow Englishmen appeared inevitable, though never desirable. Likewise, the Nation's unpremeditated preparations for more than a century and a half found it unprepared to declare suddenly that it was sufficiently mature to emerge overnight as a self-justifying, self-sustaining fledgling in the world community.

Rash though such headstrong action appeared to the sovereign powers as well as to tens of thousands of Loyalists who fled or abstained, actually there was no choice. Access to greatness was suddenly thrust upon the colonists. Either they acted at once to achieve their new identity or they perished. That the American colonies succeeded in winning the war is miraculous, a miracle which ever renews and brightens itself the farther we are separated from it in time.

Once peace treaties were signed in 1783, the colonies had a moment to examine their separateness and to ask who they were. Even while rejoicing in their dearly won freedom, they were also somewhat disconcerted by their own audacity, yet proud of it. By the end, in 1815, of the War of 1812, called by opponents, "Mr. Madison's War," national pride not only triumphed over other emotions, but burst forth in soaring poetry and tinseled oratory as dazzling as "the rockets' red glare" over Fort McHenry which inspired Francis Scott Key to set his inspiration to music — the music by his contemporary *Englishman*, John Stafford Smith. Likewise, when Samuel Francis Smith composed his "America" in 1831, the music he chose was "God Save the King." How aptly, then, do these two most "American" patriotic songs demonstrate the strong ties which bound the new Nation to Mother England: habitually, unconsciously, and with no apparent objection or incongruity, English tunes were employed to immortalize the United States' independence from her!

Although during the Revolutionary War years General Washington was plagued by such problems as loyal Massachusetts volunteers who threatened to quit and go home before they would be commanded by officers from foreign New Jersey or New York, predominantly the war compelled the colonies to unite as they met a common foe. But once they no longer fought for survival, but only for dominance or a sense of station among themselves,

they were nearly destroyed by heretofore concealed differences. Lifelong patterns of loyalty to personal and inherited values changed most reluctantly. Having publicly declared abroad that ". . . all political connection between them [the United States of America] and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved . . ." (*The Constitution of the United States — Its Sources and Application*, "The Declaration of Independence," page 269), this great problem became even more troublesome: "In every realm save that of politics," was asked, "to whom, to what, shall we newborn, liberated states cleave? How can we obey our own 'independent' traditions of building? dressing? cooking? marrying? buying? entertaining? singing? dancing? feeling? thinking? worshiping? We have no such traditions uniquely our own." From whence were such patterns to come? From England and Europe? Many agreed. From their present and future selves? Others so hoped.

During the final decades of the eighteenth century, the new politically unified colonies realized that, in every sense, they had themselves on their own hands. The eminent British critic, Sydney Smith, (1771-1845) taunted the new Nation for having made no contributions to world culture and thought. An increasing number of its own strongest voices also asked in ominously louder tones why Mr. Smith was right, why nobody read an American book, not even Americans themselves? However the War of 1812 had given Americans the feeling that they were entirely separated from England and the hope that they would develop, eventually, a worthy and an independent culture. (See text, page 161.)

With their hearts still longing for any news or fashions from Europe which they might display as "the latest thing" within their own local circles, at the same time Americans were outwardly and sincerely impatient to prove their equality, even superiority, in relation to the Old World, so much so that impulsively American critics often overpraised or "puffed" American scenes, deeds, and authors. And as the country doubled, then quadrupled in size with the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, followed by two-fifths of the country of Mexico in 1848, these and similar problems were compounded rather than simplified. By 1820, the population was close to 10,000,000. (See text, page 162.)

Inward Conflicts

Stated as an oversimplification, the problem of eighteenth-century America was to create itself; its nineteenth-century problem was to know itself. As it sprawled across the continent, growing in mechanical effectiveness, in agricultural, mineral, and commercial wealth to match its emergence as a physical giant, the inward conflicts likewise kept pace. When, through the decades of the century, the lines separating these opposing factions became increasingly clear, then undefined pressures in more and more areas of human influence and feeling became more evident.

To name but a few, which of the following opponents finally were to dominate? What measures were to be taken to curb or extinguish the

losers? 1. Agricultural South vs. industrial, commercial North; 2. Federal control vs. states' rights; 3. Hard-money Wall Street vs. the expanding West's livestock and mining; 4. Abolitionists and Free-soilers vs. the solid slave-holding South; 5. Puritanical Calvinistic strictness vs. Transcendental, Unitarian liberalism; 6. Yankee shrewdness and utilitarianism vs. Southern and Western friendly unconcern; 7. Poor, ignorant immigrants vs. wealthy, educated "native stock"; 8. Tradition vs. innovation; 9. Capital vs. labor; 10. Native "American" Indians vs. imported Anglo Saxon "Americans"; 11. Plow vs. branding-iron; and 12. Civilized law vs. frontier justice.

These and many other growing pains were the living issues of the century, difficult to define, even more so to resolve. As we now begin to define and study them some fifty to 150 years afterward, our greatest advantage is that time has given us some degree of objective distance; our greatest disadvantage, that some of these conflicts are still so very much alive that our present biases and self-interests may prevent us from their impartial consideration.

Of necessity, our text abridges nineteenth-century American literature. Because space and time are limited, only those few authors have been included who spoke to their ages significantly, thus fairly representing it. To us moderns who would understand the American past, such literary leaders are indispensable. But perhaps our editors have chosen them, one might remark, not because of their contemporary significance, but because they tell us what we would like to believe was dominant in America's past. Or as Joseph Conrad reminds us, "The dead can live only with the exact intensity and quality of life imparted to them by the living." Notwithstanding this possible danger, the editors appear worthy of trust since, with the possible exceptions of Thoreau's *Walden*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, and Emily Dickinson's poems, those works found in our text are those which enjoyed the greatest popularity among serious audiences in their own time.

We are then ready to agree that the best means for knowing ages past is to view them through the eyes and words of their acknowledged spokesmen; the best way to judge a people is through its leaders. Other approaches to historical truth concern themselves with statistics and graphs; the concern of literature is to enter into the feelings, hearts, minds, and souls of individuals via the great and living words from their leaders which recreate, in artistic form, the texture of the times.

Classic Period of American Literature

The nineteenth century is, with justice, referred to as the classic period of American literature. During this period its literature came of age, just as did the life of the Nation which it mirrored with depth and power. Further, we should recognize in serious literature the attempt to catch permanently the reality of its time. Thus, to choose only timeless reality amid the confusion of the present was the constant concern of these writers.

Reality, however, has many faces; always to different contemporary authors it varies widely. Nevertheless, three schools or patterns of reality seem to dominate the pre-Civil War period, often heavily intermixed in its literature even within one man's own writings. It is to a consideration of these patterns of reality and belief that we now turn.

1. *Security*, the pattern of the past and the *status quo*. Writers in this group are often nostalgic Romantics. They seem to find somber delight in recalling the past, or exotic places, or even dream-worlds wraithed by clouds of mystery and sometimes horror, these moods often merely hinted at amid surroundings of decaying mansions or ancient castles which conceal ghosts, elves, or visionary spirits. The contemplation of death is also a favorite theme. Prominent figures in this pattern are Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Edgar Allen Poe.

A closely related strain is the love of the picturesque, either past or present. To picture in the mind's eye scenes of noble deeds and exciting adventure, the grandeur of unspoiled nature, the colorful tableaus of the everyday, simple life, either amid rustic surroundings, the harmless domesticities of village and town, or the sweet tranquilities of home and fireside — all unmarred by unsolvable conflict or harsh strife — these yielded to the nineteenth-century American vicarious excitement or transport. Finally, they yielded him an inner warmth, peace, and a predominant sense of security in a world that is good now, but which in the past might well have been better. Cooper best exemplifies pursuit-escape-suspense adventure laid in the historic past; he also feels the beautiful loneliness and vastness of untamed nature with contagious power. In addition to James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, and James Russell Lowell best represent this strain. (These authors will be studied later.)

By and large, those who found these securities to be most real were heavily influenced both by scenes depicted from the European past and by English language patterns and literary fads. The specific words used, the cadence of phrase both in prose and poetry, and the over-all tone and intent of such writings won their American authors praise and acceptance, not only because their audiences at home really enjoyed their writings in their own right, but also because they were reassured to realize that what they found pleasurable in these local writings was also being well received by English audiences.

2. *Destiny*, the militant pattern of idealism and the future. From the beginning of its colonial period the country offered rich lands free for the taking, in an atmosphere free from traditional patterns of thinking, acting, believing. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," wrote Bishop Berkeley in 1720, and many, on both sides of the Atlantic, agreed with him that from the time of the Phoenicians, the Greeks, and the Romans, hope and the future have lain always

further west. Long before the Revolution, many Americans were well aware that theirs was the land of destiny. In 1760 the basically practical, conservative Franklin wrote to Lord Kamas in England this conviction, "I have long been of the opinion that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America." Crevecoeur defined America as "the asylum of freedom, the cradle of future nations, and the refuge of distressed Europeans," an attitude which dominated American hearts and hopes both before and after the Revolution, strongly perpetuated by Jefferson.

Latter-day Saints know that the Government of the United States was one of destiny, a Government under which the gospel could be restored. The Lord said to the Prophet Joseph Smith at Kirtland, Ohio, in December 1833:

> . . . it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another.
>
> And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood (D & C 101:79-80).

Here, for this newborn race called "Americans," free trade and freedom from the grinding dominance of governmental and religious institutions finally made possible the rebirth of man in this veritable Garden of Eden. Here man's essential goodness, his ability to achieve the promised life both within himself and in relation to group forces, was limited only by his own dreams.

Out of this newly formed combination of all peoples, virtues, and freedoms which is the United States of America came a noble creation of both God and man: a true American. Representative of his high vision of America's future are the words of William Gilpin, participant in the Mexican War, first Governor of Colorado, and dedicated promoter of the transcontinental railway and the Mississippi Valley, the great heartland of the Nation. The following was written in 1846:

> The untransacted destiny of the American people is to subdue the continent — to rush over this vast field to the Pacific Ocean — to animate the many hundred millions of its people, and to cheer them upward — to agitate these herculean masses — to establish a dynamic new order in human affairs — to regenerate superannuated nations — to stir up the sleep of a hundred centuries — to teach old nations a new civilization — to confirm the destiny of the human race — to carry the career of mankind to its culminating point — to cause a stagnant people to be reborn — to perfect science — to emblazon history with the conquest of peace — to shed a new and resplendent glory upon mankind — to unite all the world in one social family — to absolve the curse that weighs down humanity, and to shed blessings round the world (Smith, Henry Nash: *Virgin Land*).

While Cooper was driven by a strong sense of America's destiny, basically he felt that her chance had been lost. But his was a minor voice, soon forgotten amid such booming affirmations as Mr. Gilpin's. Those in literature who most vigorously proclaimed this pattern of belief were Bryant, the editor; Whittier, the Abolitionist; and those brightest torchbearers: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, and Walt Whitman.

3. *Ambiguity*, the pattern of

searching beneath surface appearances for values priceless to man's peace and progress, yet values neither clearly definable nor even eventually obtainable. While granting that the suffocating past must be denied, as must former deadening influences, for a few lone writers the promise of hope in America's future did not follow. Though they agreed that the prime responsibility of the representative American was to ask all questions about man's ultimate destiny, they asserted that finally he does not know either himself fully or his place and destiny in his own world or in time. Though shades of this pattern appeared in James Fenimore Cooper, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Walt Whitman, its major spokesmen in the pre-Civil War period were Edgar Allen Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Herman Melville.

> I hear America singing,
> the varied carols I hear. . . .
> (—Whitman, Walt:
> "I Hear America Singing")

wrote Walt Whitman at mid-century, as a deep, full-throated chord of sustained dominance and richness soared upward to fill the bright-starred heavens. Throbbing new harmonies jarred traditional ears; surging rhythms, cadenced to fit only America's unique situations, rose in waves of majesty and vastness to give voice to new complexities. No longer need America portray herself as imitative of any other or previous culture; no longer need she portray herself as predominantly awkward, self-conscious, or raw. At last, in maturing youth's full vigor, her literature imaged a complex Nation but recently come of age.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why is an over-all view of conditions within a Nation helpful as an introduction to a study of its literature? Discuss.
2. Do contemporary writers vary widely in their characterizations of the age in which they live? If so, is it possible to discover, in their writings, trends which are dominant in that particular period? Discuss.
3. Is it natural for new conflicts to arise and increase in number as a nation expands in size and population? Discuss.

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 8 — Expanding Our Religious Horizons — Part I: Concepts of God

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, October 25, 1960

Objective: To discover how our concepts of God influence our potentialities for spiritual living.

Introduction

THE meaning and focus which spiritual living has for us depend significantly upon many factors, among which are included our concept of divinity, our concept of man, our understanding of the purpose of life, and the value we

place upon people. The concept which we have of God determines the type of relationship which we establish with him. Since relationships with God and others form the core of spiritual living, the type of relationships we establish must, of necessity, be of major concern to persons seeking the spiritual life.

Importance of Learning About and Worshiping God

There would be little controversy, if any, among Latter-day Saints regarding the importance of worshiping God and seeking to keep his commandments. Such passages of scripture as, ". . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind" (Mt. 22:37); and "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent" (John 17:3) are commonly known and subscribed to by all of us. But what does it really mean to *love* God, to *know* God?

Man cannot begin to know all there is to know about God. In fact, what we presently know is probably a minute part of all there is to know and that we may some day come to understand. Nevertheless, all of us have certain basic beliefs and feelings about God. We have obtained and developed these beliefs and feelings from many different sources and many different experiences. Even though we worship the same God and have been taught from many common sources, it is quite probable that the nature of God and our relationship to him takes on a slightly different meaning for each of us. We would now like to explore some general ways of looking at God and consider the influence of these concepts and beliefs upon us and our behavior.

Nature of God

God is far greater than we can adequately describe. His *whole* nature and character are beyond our comprehension. Learning to know him, therefore, becomes a major challenge to us. It behooves us to be cognizant of the many factors which color the interpretation and concept which we have of God. The difference between what God is and our view of him is indicated in the following scriptures:

> Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:
>
> Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
>
> For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.
>
> For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts (Isaiah 55:6-9).
>
> Believe in God; believe that he is, and that he created all things, both in heaven and in earth; believe that he has all wisdom, and all power, both in heaven and in earth; believe that man doth not comprehend all the things which the Lord can comprehend (Mosiah 4:9).

It is impossible in our present state of being to know the nature of God fully, but it is important for us to take a careful look at the concept of God which we have and the influence this has upon our perceived relationship with God and, in turn, the influence which our

perceived relationship with God has upon our relationship with our fellow men.

As Latter-day Saints we believe in a personal, living God who is an omniscient (all-knowing) and omnipotent (all-powerful) being, but beyond this, what? Note the following quotation from Lowell L. Bennion which describes the way in which varying concepts of God may arise.

> There is a marked difference between that which a man is, his character, and that which people think him to be, his reputation. In the latter instance, opinions are quite as divergent as are the appraising individuals themselves. If this is true of man's judgment of man, it is much more true of his idea of the Supreme Being whom he knows even less. The varying concepts of Deity, entertained by the children of men, confusing though they may be at first sight, need not be too disconcerting, for God is what he is, regardless of what men conceive him to be.
>
> Any human characterization of the nature of God will be limited and colored by man's restricted experience. God is greater than man can adequately describe. His full nature and sublime character are beyond our complete grasp. Learning to know him is an eternal quest.
>
> Cognizant of the difference between that which He is and that which men conceive Him to be, and realizing the tremendous difference between his world and ours, we approach the subject of the Mormon concept of God in a spirit of humility and reverence, acknowledging that the loftiest picturization of God is but suggestive of the sublime reality it seeks to portray. Were it not for the significance of man's view of God to his religious life, one would not have, as mortal man, the audacity to describe and characterize his Maker as fully as is here attempted.
>
> Our knowledge of our Heavenly Father is limited. We are sure of some things; other questions and possibilities defy even our power of imagination. That which we do know about God is very important, something in which we can trust and on which we can build our lives. We can assume in some respects a similar relationship with God as a small child has with his father here on earth. Though the child comprehends but a part of the total life of his parent, yet that partial knowledge may well be sufficiently valid and extensive to enable him to build a satisfactory relationship with his father, with the assurance that year after year, with increased experience and understanding, he will understand his father more fully.
>
> Though our understanding of God is restricted by our own limited experience, just as is that of the child in relation to his parent, yet there is within that experience a sufficient basis of truth to enable us to establish a satisfactory relationship with Him, one on which we can build permanently and with confidence. While the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ does not give us a complete understanding of the Creator and while it does not answer all questions about him, it does teach us, most positively, many important and definite concepts concerning the character and work of the Creator and his relationship to men (Bennion Lowell: *The Religion of the Latter-day Saints*, Salt Lake City, Latter-day Saints Department of Education, 1940, pp. 26-27).

Concepts of God

Latter-day Saints hold to the belief that God is a personal being with body, parts, and passions. We believe that man was created in the image of God, physically as well as spiritually, and therefore God in appearance is similar to man without the frailties and limitations of man. God is much more than man, but man is in his image. This belief is founded upon many passages of scripture, but because of the limitations of space, only the following three will be cited here:

. . . When the light rested upon me I saw two Personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name and said, pointing to the other — This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him! (Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 2:17.)

The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of Spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us (D & C 130:22).

But he [Stephen] being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God,

And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God (Acts 7:55-56).

Latter-day Saints not only believe that God is a person with a tangible body, but we also conceive of him as a living, conscious, all-wise Being. He thinks, creates, acts, loves, he is Creator, Judge, Helper, and Father.

Having thus described God, we must push our explorations further to try and discover the type of Being or individual we consider him to be. Any of us could describe our earthly father as an individual with a body of tangible form; as a living, acting, loving person who experiences disappointment, etc. But when we think of our own father, we go beyond this and recall our feelings and attitudes about the kind of person he is or was, and reflect upon the feelings we had or have about him and towards him. Let us, now, pursue these kinds of feelings in respect to God and consider various approaches to God as held by different sects.

Fear. One approach to God is to regard him as one might regard a tyrannical father, someone to fear because of his superior power, to plead with, to bribe with sacrifices, to appease as one would appease a touchy and unloving parent. In much common conversation between parents and children regarding God, he is presented as prepared to inflict punishment on those who disobey their parents or who tell a lie. History records numerous incidents in which man has cloaked his actions in the disguise of carrying out the wishes of God. Note, for example, the inquisitions and the burning of witches at the stake in our own early American history. In the latter case, the fanatical citizens of Salem took eighteen lives on Gallows Hill while the Reverend Cotton Mather quoted the Bible verse which says, "And thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" (Exodus 22:18).

Why do some people believe in a God of fear? For one thing, because it has been to the advantage of men with power to control the thought patterns of those over whom they ruled. The efforts of many religious leaders have more often been dedicated to the preservation of their particular form and power than to the pursuit of significant truth. This was one of the characteristics of the Jews which made Christ angry.

Power over other people — as distinct from competent leadership — can most easily be maintained through fear, a condition which many religions produce by threat of punishment, both here and in the hereafter. The product of such a religion is a coerced and therefore

false saintliness. A frightened person cannot be a sincere person, and, therefore, the elements of hypocrisy, fear, and guilt are introduced. True religion is faith in God, not fear of God as the word, *fear* is used today. The following quotation bears on this subject:

> We know that the Lord is merciful and kind and that he does not rejoice in causing fear in the hearts of the righteous; nor does he command them to approach him in the spirit of fear in the sense in which this term is usually interpreted. It is true that the wicked will fear and tremble before him in that great day of judgment and that he is angry with the wicked, and dreadful fear and trembling will fill their hearts at his coming. The fear spoken of in these passages in connection with the spirit of obedience, and the seeking of knowledge is quite a different thing.
>
> Such passages have no reference to fright or terror wherein they are coupled with the principle of faith and obedience. The dictionary reveals several interpretations of the use of the word *fear*. The interpretation of its use in the passages enumerated is "to have reverential awe. . . ." So we see that the word *fear*, as it is given in the English translations of the Bible in the passages under consideration, means reverence with humility. . . .
>
> Love and reverence are both essential in the worship of our Heavenly Father and his Son Jesus Christ, but those who keep his commandments and are worthy to stand before them need not fear, but in humility they may and shall bow the knee in great joy and reverence in the spirit of perfect worship (Smith, Joseph Fielding: "The Meaning of Fear," *Improvement Era*, May 1953, page 310).

Magic. A second approach to God is to regard him as a magical helper. This concept causes us to think of God as the controller of destiny to the extent that he could end pov-

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erty, war, famine, etc. anytime he wanted to. Such a concept attributes to God the power to violate or set aside the laws of the universe, or to reach down and by magic preserve us from the consequences of our own acts. Many want a God of magic and of supernatural power to make their personal experiences different from the rest of the world. Insofar as we can discover, God always obeys his own laws. President Brigham Young has stated that ". . . the Lord cannot violate his own law; were he to do that, he would cease to be God" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, "Free Agency," 1941 Edition, page 62).

Love. In addition to the concept of a God of fear and a God of magic, there is a God of love. The God of love does not use the coercion of fear or the enticement of magic to secure his following. God loves all men. His desire is not to condemn the children of men, but to lead them into paths of truth and righteousness.

Worshiping a God of love encourages an individual to establish a close, meaningful relationship with God based upon understanding and an optimistic, yet realistic hope for the future. It adds dignity to one's concept of man and of oneself and stimulates the desire to grow and develop in order to experience the potentialities within oneself. The individual then looks upon God with a conviction of his love, and of his desire for man to grow into an emotionally mature being who has the true feeling that he is following in his steps.

To know God involves trying to understand him and his ways, to

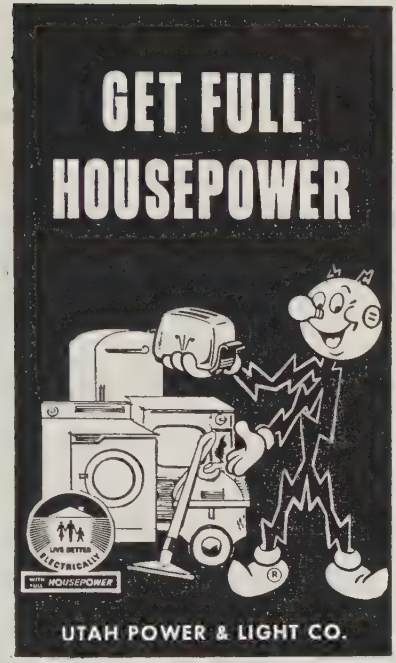
imitate the characteristics and attributes which he has, to travel the way to perfection so that eventually we may become as he is.

In the words of Elder George Q. Morris:

> The obligations are such and our relations to him [Jesus Christ] are such that it is our most serious duty in life to know him and love him and keep his commandments and thereby know and love our Father in heaven and keep his commandments, because he is the messenger from the Father; he is the one chosen of the Father to represent him in the earth, chosen of the Father to be the Redeemer of the world, chosen of the Father to be the Creator of the world. Into his hands the Father has placed all things, and we are in his hands. One day we will stand before him to be judged, and we will be judged as to our relations to him and our attitude towards him and whether or not we have listened to his word and kept his commandments. We will all come to that day and to that accounting, and so will every man and woman in the world . . . (Morris, George Q., 125th Annual Church Conference).

Summary

Religious symbols dedicated to a God requiring appeasement or to a God who is a magic helper seem real enough to anyone who has been brought up to respect them. Approaching God in fear of his power or in want of his magical help are not the alternatives which can be held by a religiously mature person seeking to lead a spiritual life. Rather the profound conviction of a nearness to God, a feeling of mutual love for one another, not only widens one's religious horizons, but provides the opportunity for the kind of personal growth and development which we Latter-day Saints believe inherently exist in man.



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Thoughts for Discussion

1. What does it mean to *love* God, to *know* God?
2. We are all aware of how one's reputation develops and how it varies from one person to another. Discuss how our concept of God develops in our minds.
3. Give additional examples or experiences which illustrate the concepts of a God of fear, a God of magic, and a God of love.
4. How does our concept of God affect the kind of relationship we establish with God?
5. In what specific ways does the concept of a God of love widen our religious horizons?
6. How can we teach our children to know and love God?

Hill Quail

Matia McClelland Burk

So many sounds of my childhood
Come to my memory's ear —
Some soft and half-forgotten,
But one that's always clear
Is the strange cry of the hill quail
I remember in the fall.
And clear as it was to a barefoot child,
My heart still hears that call.

How I long to return to the old ranch,
When cottonwood leaves are falling,
Where far in the distance I'll hear again
The hill quail calling, calling.

July Road

Katherine F. Larsen

A gray road calls me
When bright summer sun
Thickens the lane's pale dust,
And all the tasks undone
Oppress me through the noontime heat;
Oh, then my feet would run
Shoeless, scuffing the hot dust
Of the road;
Would flail a slope, and spurn the rocks
To know the summit won!

Indelible

Roberta L. Theobald

As clouds of flaming gold
Become a leaden shroud
For the dusky mountain,
So the warm pain of farewell
Hangs a gray mantle on my heart.

Oh, let me remember not
How, when your hand touched mine,
My heart took wings.
Let me no longer dream dreams,
Or hope, or whisper, though my heart
Is waiting to hear your name.

Remember not ecstacy?
Indelible, it marks the soul.
Now, though into oblivion
Goes part of my heart,
There is no bitterness;
I asked to know.
And I must remember;
Remembering brings an afterglow.

Joy or Sorrow

Celia Luce

WE speak of the great joy that must have filled the hearts of those who knew and loved Jesus when he was on earth. We also wonder how anyone could have cast him out and tortured him.

Yet we have the same decision to make, with the same rewards or regrets.

God is near me, wanting to guide my life and let his influence be felt. He wants to surround me with his love. I have only to learn the great love which he asks. Then I, too, will feel him very close to me, filling and guiding my life.

I, too, may reject and cast him out. If I live by hate, not by love, I drive him from me. Since he loves me, I give him wounds of unhappiness. Some on Golgotha did not know what they were doing. I do.

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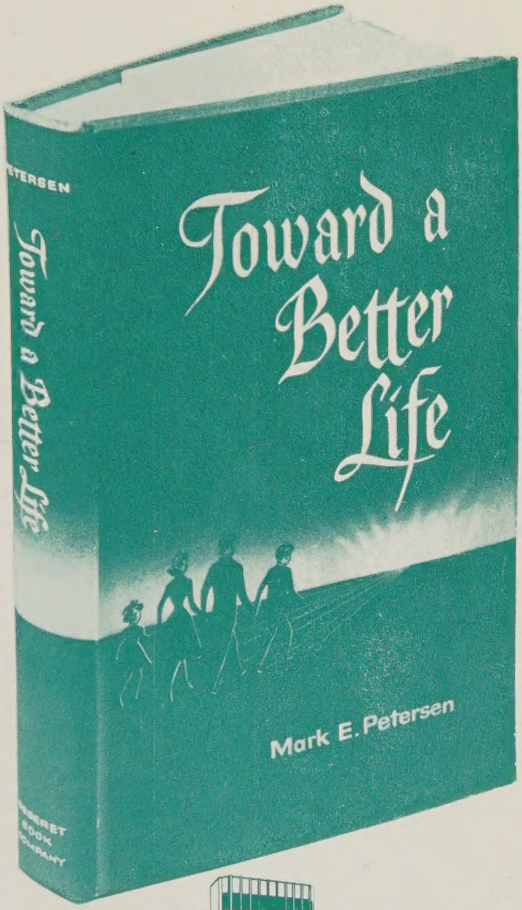

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